The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1668 JAN. 9, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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Beef in Brief—

OXO

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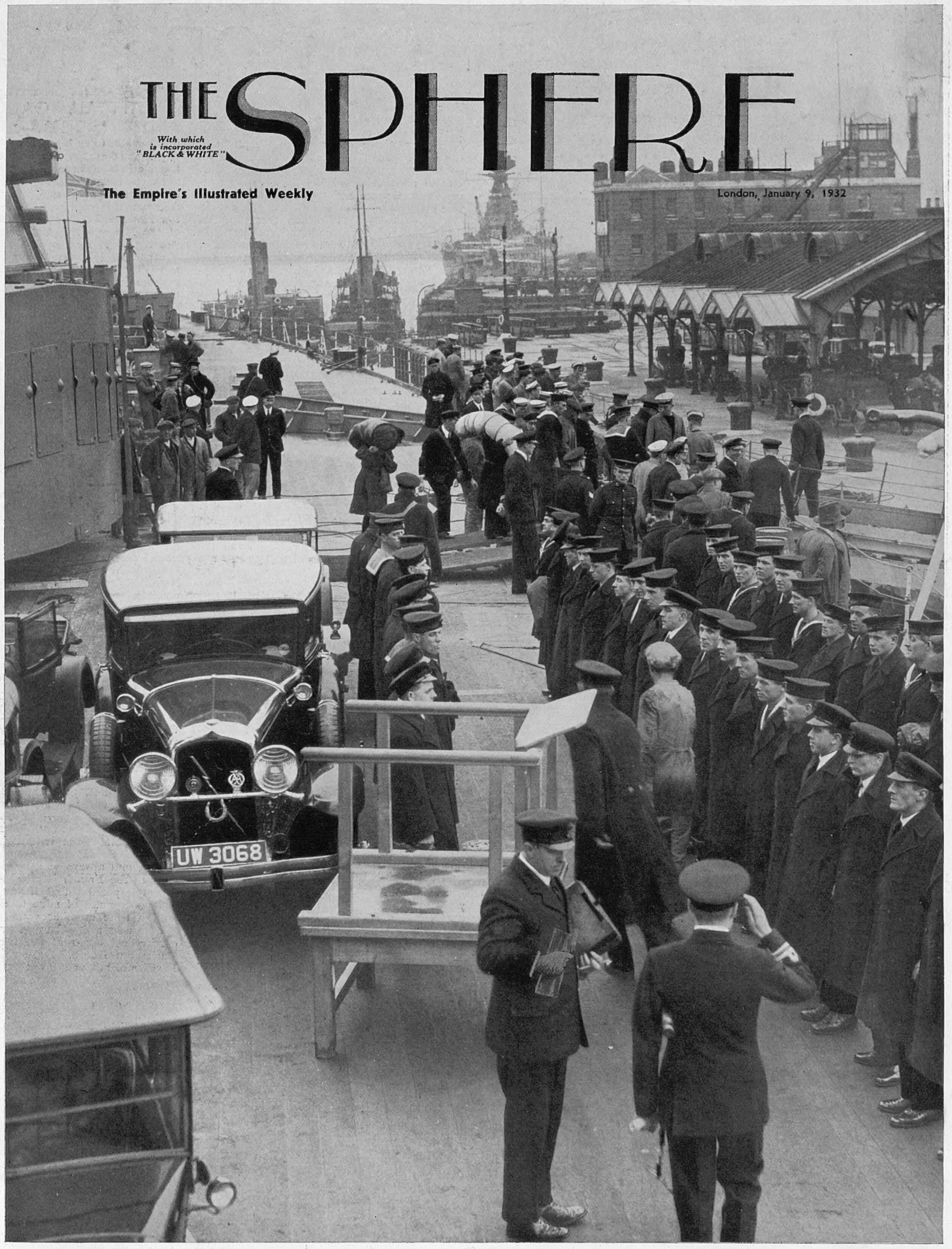
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 9, 1932



PREPARING at PORTSMOUTH for the ANNUAL SPRING EXERCISES

A Scene at the Great Naval Base which has Lately been a Whirl of Preparatory Activity

A portion of the Atlantic Fleet, comprising the battle cruisers *Hood* and *Repulse* and the Second Cruiser Squadron, H.M. ships *Dorsetshire*, *Norfolk*, *Exeter*, and *York*, are to visit British West Indian ports during the Spring. They were detached from the flag of the Commander-in-Chief off the northern coast of Spain after exercises during the passage south. The Commander-in-Chief, in H.M.S. *Nelson*, and the remainder of the Atlantic Fleet will use Gibraltar as their main base until the return of the ships in March. The scene above shows a roll-call on the quayside before leaving Portsmouth—recently a centre of many varied activities—checking stores, generally refitting, and doing the thousand and one jobs necessary before a cruise

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

A London News

THE ORGANIZERS OF THE FRENCH ART EXHIBITION: Sir William Llewellyn, P.R.A.; Mr. W. R. M. Lamb, Secretary of the Royal Academy; M. Paul Alfassa, Secretary-General of the Exhibition; M. Fleuriau, the French Ambassador; M. Dreyfus, of the Louvre; M. Louis Metman, Commissioner-General of the Exhibition; and M. Paul Jamot, of the Louvre. The group is standing in front of "The Justice of Trajan," by Ferdinand-Victor-Eugène-Delacroix—a canvas dated 1840, hung in gallery IX

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, January 6, 1932.

"TITLES AND ORDERS."

—"Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break," wrote Tennyson. And this melancholy fact is never truer than on New Year's Day. I dread the New Year's Honours List. Not for myself; for I do not even skim hopefully over the M.B.E. column to find a 5th class award "for services to Literature as popular as well-deserved." I dread it because for every "M.P. baroneted and second-class alderman knighted" there is some obscurer, less pushful world's worker going back, bitterly disappointed, half-heartedly to resume his invaluable work. Let us dip haphazard into the lucky bag. It is very consoling to know that the political and public services of Mr. Ashley (who did much inconspicuous spade-work at the office made illustrious by Mr. Morrison) have been rewarded with a peerage. Mr. Ashley has possessions which will adorn a peerage. What will it be? Lord Broadlands, Lord Romsey, Lord Ashley of Broadlands, or (greatly daring) Lord Palmerston? Why not? Broadlands was Pam's birthplace. And Mr. John Buchan inconspicuously joins the Company of Honour, that mysterious order which includes Mr. Churchill, Lord Lothian, and General Smuts. Mr. Buchan is one of the world's workers and writes his novels after dinner while the "weather and news" are being ground out. Mr. Drage has been furnished with a title. A brand new knighthood was delivered on the 1st inst. (in a plain van), and if that doesn't encourage you to "furnish Sir Benjamin's way" nothing will. No deferred payments here! Mr. Drage's public services have been conspicuous. But I look in vain for any signal honour bestowed on Mr. Everyman. It is his fate to remain a plain man, though twice yearly the Honours Lists are published. Ever hopeful, he decides patiently to look forward to June.

WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS.

—That the nursery maxims comprise the sum of human wisdom garnered since the Creation, I have no doubt. If the headmasters of our expensive public schools guaranteed to drive into the thick heads of their boys so much wisdom "as is contained in nursery maxims and no more," we should hold that £300 a year per head well spent. A century of history has gone to teaching the essential truth of one of these simple maxims. "It is unwise to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs." And, after 100 years, the lesson is beginning to penetrate the thick skulls of greedy and triumphant democracies, of selfish and cowardly governments, of vain and ambitious statesmen. The recent elections in England and Australia sharply drove home the lesson to two Labour Governments. And the plight of Germany is now forcing the same simple truth upon Congress and Senate in America. A grudging ratification of the Hoover Moratorium may save foolish faces for a matter of days; but the whole lesson, the bitter truth in its entirety, must be swallowed in a few weeks from now. A revision of War debts and reparations is as inevitable as to-morrow's sunrise.

. . . .

The Labour Party in England obstinately resisted the lesson until the country was brought to the verge of ruin, and it looked, when the New Year dawned, as if America would yield to nothing but the stern logic of economic facts. Yet it seems impossible that hard-headed Americans can be ignorant of the plight of Germany, or can have forgotten the great record of that country as a golden egg layer. Untold millions of her dollars have been invested in Germany solely on the strength of that record, and the realization of the danger in which those millions stood (and still stand) is an important begetter of the grudging mercy she has hitherto shown Germany. All civilization now depends on the revival of normal industrial prosperity in Germany, a fact which all industrial civilization, except America and France, accepts as gospel. America's position as universal creditor, France's eternal nightmare of her vulnerability, are the chief barriers between these countries and the light of truth. There is no hope for the return of stability to Germany so long as the question of reparations is left in the air. Last-minute moratoriums only increase the sense of uncertainty. The Advisory Committee of the Bank for International Settlements has issued a warning quite as clear as that which Mr. Snowden issued to the British Labour Government in February, 1931. Unless that warning is heeded in the coming days America and France are likely to find themselves as scorned, as isolated, as impotent as Mr. Henderson and his followers after the General Election last Autumn.

A FORM OF PRAYER.

—It is late in the day to break another lance with those who achieved, and those who authorized, that monstrous padding of the Lord's Prayer for use last Sunday. When first I heard "the words complained of," I said: *Credo quia impossibile*. And indeed it is impossible that the archbishops could have deliberately authorized those ungrammatical and verbose topicalities to be harnessed impiously to the terse simplicity and sufficiency of the Lord's Prayer. Incredible too, that to-day of all days we should be asked to wear sackcloth for national pride; we who of late crept along the highway of Europe ashamed of the name of Englishman. Incredible that scholars could pass such slipshod, shoddy clap-trap as: "At times of fear concerning what others may do to us, or of desire to strike lest we ourselves be struck, Deliver us from evil,"

or,

"If any have injured us by crooked dealing, by scamped work or by exploitation, we forgive, etc."

Incredible that a prelate could be so lacking in humour as to let-by that superbly naïve: "If other countries, while pursuing their own interests, have unduly hindered ours, we forgive, etc." Here and now I acquit the archbishops. Their names have been taken in vain. They never saw this lamentable liturgy of the S.P.C.K. until too late. A genial humour beacons in the Primate's eye; Archbishop Temple's tremendous laugh is a guarantee of humour and humanity. It is impossible that either of these men of the world could have hailed this insufferable verbiage as an outward sign of the Church's close touch with modern life and thought, political and social. They are both jolly men to sit beside after dinner. It was a blunder of busy-body underlings, I dare swear, this form of prayer which is without form and void. Indeed, the Primate has practically admitted it.

WATTEAU, GAUGUIN, AND ALL THAT.

—Little time now remains to us high-brows in which to get word-perfect in our parts of cultured critics of French Art. And we are by no means mere supers. Already the doors are open, and in a very few days now we shall figure at the Burlington House soirée, the chosen Mæcenas of the National Art Collection Fund, wearing our medals and patterning French Art. My own "copy" is still a mere disorganized mass of notes. Here are some of my rough jottings, which I trust may help the gentle reader more than they help me. Until the eighteenth century at any rate, the French painters were imitative and adaptable rather than creative. Contrast this with England and account for the difference. The geography of France made it easy for the great masters of Italy and Flanders to drift over their frontiers and to shed their influence in France. The thirteenth century found two main "schools" of painting starting up from small beginnings in France. The influence of the Popes inspired the Avignon School which naturally "derived" from the great masters of Italy. The encouragement of Charles V. gave a fillip to the Paris school. Northern France benefited chiefly from the great Flemish masters. Query? Did not the great Duke of Burgundy employ Van Eyck? Further query: Where is Burgundy? And does it matter any way? Note influence of Leonardo wherever possible.

. . . .

Commit to memory the names of ten representative French painters throughout the ages whose influence, etc., cannot be over-estimated. Why go to all this trouble? Because this French Exhibition is "perhaps more significant than any of its Burlington House predecessors as being a complete historical survey of the development of a nation's Art from the twelfth century to the present day." Very well then. Clouet, Poussin, Claude, Watteau, Ingres, Manet, Degas, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin. (I have left out Corot, my prime favourite.) Compare Clouet very much to the disadvantage of Holbein. Couple Claude with Turner. Describe Watteau as a turning point from imitation towards creation. Speak of Ingres with bated breath, and always whisper when you refer to the French impressionists. It is not impossible that if you develop these poor notes of mine in detail and with a trifle more accuracy, you will not be ashamed when you greet your country neighbour at the turnstile of Burlington House. But on the whole I recommend you to rely on Mr. Wilenski. (See last week's SPHERE.)

SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS.

—From a bunch of clippings from New York, I cull the following bloom:—

"*2 girl slayers to get flowers.*—An order for fresh cut roses to be delivered to the two Indian girls arrested for the murder of a British official, was placed with an International florist in New York to-day. This is the first time an order for cut flowers has been given for delivery in India. 'I am just saying it with flowers,' said the president of the India National Congress of America. 'I admire these girls' spirit.'"

This I think is the same spirit of sentimentality which has made American Justice the laughing stock of civilization. It is the spirit which made Diamond and Capone wealthy national heroes. It is a spirit which, to our infinite discomfort and discredit, we have been borrowing over here. To do him justice, Gandhi has set his face against violence, but Gandhi, none the less, is not the type to whom one can safely "say things with flowers." And that is what we have been doing far too long. Like most martyrs and prophets, Gandhi has the obstinacy (and other qualities) of the mule and the vanity of a newly acclaimed flapper film star.

. . . .

sletter

Looking back on those first impressions of India, collected by Edwin Montagu in 1917, from which I recently quoted, it is impossible to understand the deference and adulation accorded to Gandhi by the authorities of Britain in India and at home. His egotism has thrived on it, his obstinacy and vanity have never ceased to swell. For what after all is Gandhi in the great political dog-fight of India's evolution? He is one of the more or less accredited representatives of one of the more or less defined interests in a confused Babel of conflicting interests. Why then has he received this favouritism to the detriment of a dozen interests not less important? I have not a doubt that that sentimentalism—a sickly syllabub—which is so prevalent in America and has done such an infinity of harm in civilization since the War, is the cause of half the trouble which Gandhi is giving us. We have said things with roses far too long. We welcome signs of blunter methods of address in India.

EXIT THE PUBLISHER!—This is what Rear-Admiral Fiske of the United States Navy has been doing. He has perfected a device for printing 100,000 word novels at the cost to the public of four cents. A novel of this length consists of two strips of paper almost exactly the width and length of the ordinary newspaper column of print. The process is reduction of a typescript of the author's MS. by photography to one-twenty-fifth of its size. The typescript is specially spaced on a fixed plan. You cannot of course read your two magic slips without a Fiske reading machine (cost one dollar), which is shaped like a lorgnette. You wear it like glasses and, to save eye strain, use each eye alternately. By these means you read 15,000 words an hour. The result is, you eliminate type-setting costs, wipe out publishers and booksellers, and make every author his own publisher. Thus Admiral Fiske "brings the classics within reach of the pauper." I am not ordering a Fiske reading machine. It is not because I am over-burdened with spare cash, but because, even if this machine makes reading easier than it is, I do not want more and cheaper books. My complaint is that the world already groans from a surfeit of books.

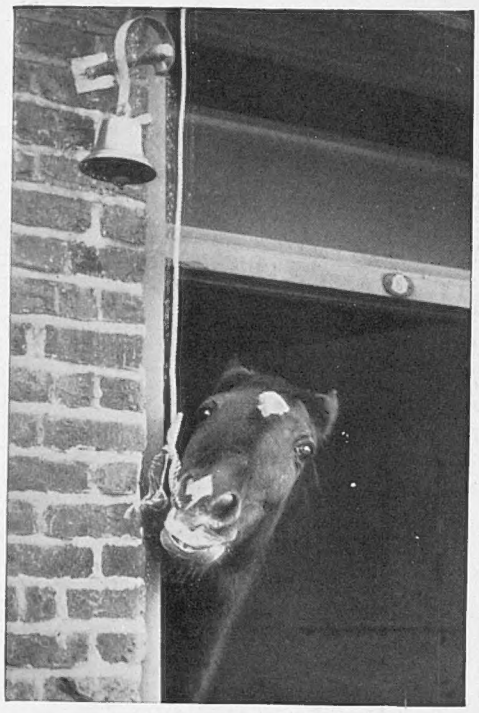
THE PRIZE HOWLER.—We are used to chuckling over schoolboy howlers. I am still chuckling over that fine effort of the public schoolmasters in conclave at Charterhouse to beat the boys at their own game. Was ever such a howler perpetrated as that Charterhouse conference? No doubt Messrs. Alington and Norwood were not very fully reported even in the most accurate and sober journals, but they are both journalists themselves, and appreciate the dangers of public utterance where reporters are present. That being so, could they have chosen a madder moment to "put across" a flabby *non possumus* on the burning question of economies, to set the private schoolmasters by the ears by belittling the type of boy turned over from private to public school, by admitting the total lack of plan in the curriculum of public school education in the face of a most determined, sustained, and anxious criticism by parents?

No. Dr. Alington and Dr. Norwood, if fairly reported, committed one of the most abysmal howlers ever perpetrated. They have been leapt on and lashed and trounced, as they deserved, by young mothers, outraged fathers, disgusted fellow schoolmasters, and disillusioned schoolboys. I have no further need to reiterate my well-worn platitudes about schoolmaster-journalists, and headmasters who outstay their usefulness. Out of their own mouths they have condemned themselves.

QUICK CHANGE.—Quick-change weather has been our portion of late, and it is a portion which I could do without. It is nice to bask panting on a shooting-stick on December 26 and to lunch on the seashore at Littlehampton on December 27, but the change to 14 deg. of frost on the 29th is rather too sudden for one's health. Then, again, it may be delicious to walk through bracken, all crisp and dazzling white under a blue sky and golden sun, on New Year's eve, but one hails with relief the promise of a westerly breeze and milder conditions until, emerging into 1932 and the terrace walk, his feet shoot out before him, and he starts the year with a profound crash and a nasty shake-up. It is the first day of thaw of which the nervous and inexpert motorist and the lumbago sufferer should beware.

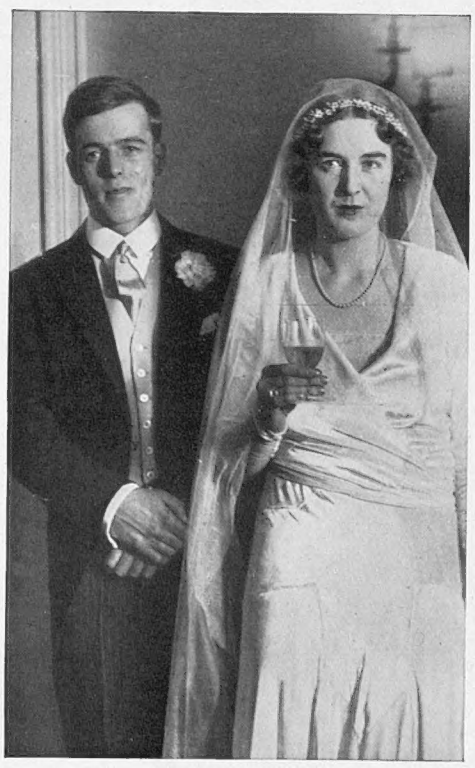
THE OLD STAGER.

EDUCATING THE YOUTH OF THE COUNTRY: Sir William Bragg lectures to boys and girls at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, periodically during the Christmas vacation, on various scientific subjects which are presented with attractiveness and simplicity. His most recent talk was on the subject of "Light and the Eye," in the course of delivering which Sir William is seen above



"RING IN THE NEW!" An amusing incident at the horses' new Home of Rest at Cricklewood on New Year's Day. The dinner bell seems to have its uses!

EXPLOSION IN THE CITY: Six man-holes exploded simultaneously in Throgmorton Avenue on the penultimate day of the old year—a question of gas. Workmen are seen above at the scene of the explosion hard by the Bank



THE COURTAULD WEDDING: Mr. Augustine Courtauld, the young Greenland explorer, and Miss Mollie Montgomerie, after their wedding in Southwark Cathedral

THE NORWEGIAN NIGHTINGALE: Mme. Borghild Bodom rehearses in national costume for her *début* in Britain. Mme. Bodom, who is twenty-one, is of Scottish extraction. She appeared at the Alhambra and was conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent

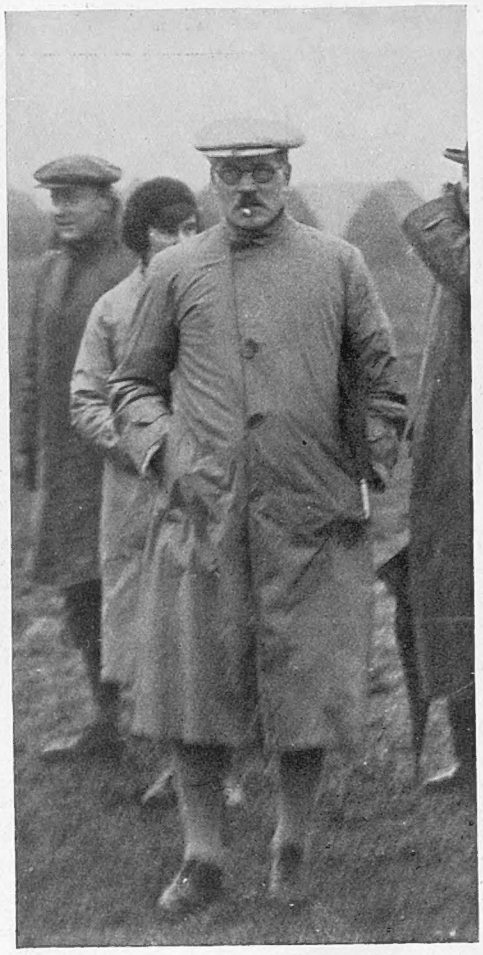
PERSONAGES in the PUBLIC EYE

THE ENGLISH TENOR RETURNS: Mr. Alfred Piccaver rehearsing in his hotel after his arrival from the Balkans, delayed by snowstorms. He left the Vienna State Opera owing to a proposed drastic cut in salary

THE ALCHEMIST: The Polish magician, M. Dunikowski, whose claims to make gold from sand are being tested in Paris—in prison

THE KING'S NEW WATERMAN: Mr. W. Coles, of Isleworth, a distinguished oar of the early part of the twentieth century and the winner in 1911 of many trophies, has been appointed to this position

ANOTHER "UNOFFICIAL" VISIT: M. Philippe Berthelot, Secretary-General to the French Foreign Office, who has visited Britain ostensibly in connection with the French Exhibition



THE PREMIER AT A PLOUGHING MATCH: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald watches in pouring rain the Duffus and Fainie Ploughing Association's Competition near Lossiemouth

THE TRIBUTE OF ABYSSINIA: The Crown Prince Asfaou Ouessan, in European hat and native uniform, signs the golden book at the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Paris after having laid a wreath thereupon. The prince is on a European tour

BRIDE AND GROOM: Miss Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise watch international polo between Mexico and California at Santa Monica. The Marquis de la Falaise was recently divorced from another film star, Miss Gloria Swanson

WHERE CLUBS ARE ALWAYS TRUMPS! Mr. Ely Culbertson, Mr. Sidney Lenz, Mr. Theodore Lightner (who replaced Mrs. Culbertson at Christmas), and Mr. Oswald Jacoby (whose psychic bids precipitated many quarrels culminating in his resignation from the contest) during the second phase of the Contract Bridge contest in New York, which seems as we go to press a "cert" for the Culbertsons

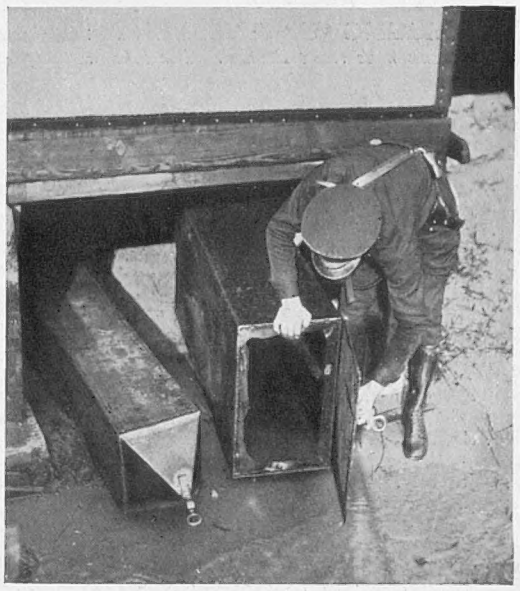
THE LURE OF POLO: Miss Mary Brian and Mr. Russell Gleason watch with eagerness the thrills of the match in which the Mexico City team defeated the California polo team by eleven goals to ten at Santa Monica. Polo is extremely popular in the West

FOREIGN NEWS ITEMS

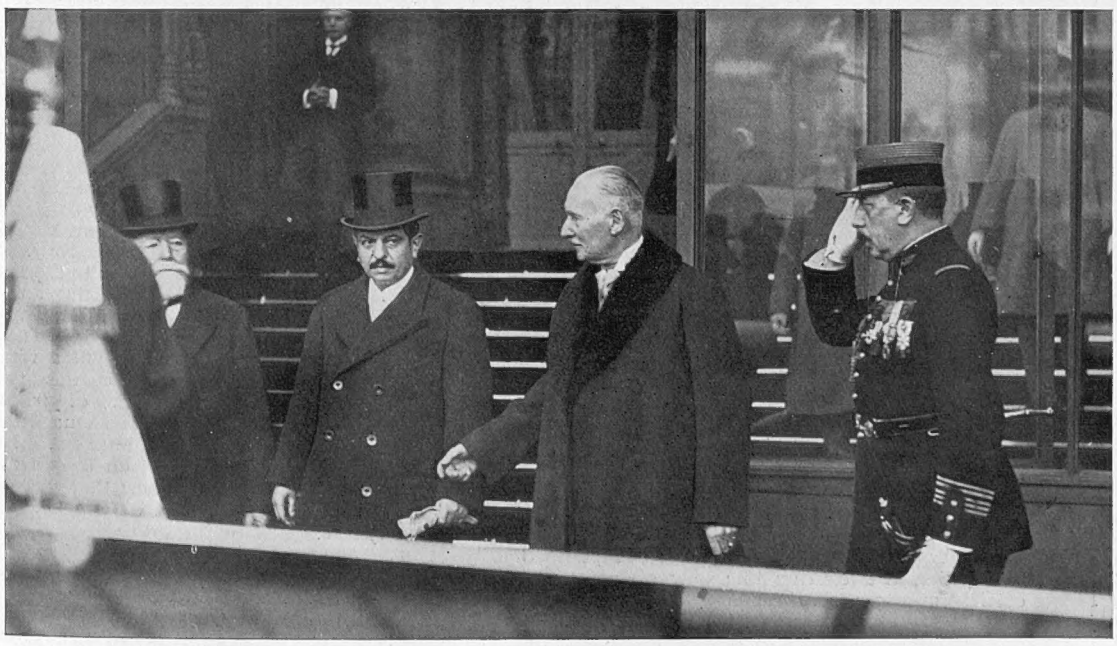
LAKE NEMI GIVES UP AN UNEXPECTED TREASURE: In addition to the two imperial barges of Caligula, discovered by the draining of Lake Nemi—an enterprise the merit of which has occasioned much controversy—a third boat of much the same date has been discovered. It is conjectured that the vessel was scuttled, as she was weighted with stones. Her discovery has rejoiced the supporters of the Lake Nemi scheme

RUM-RUNNING: The mile long cable with which tanks of liquor were hauled from Canada to America—discovered by Customs officers

NEW YEAR IN GERMANY: Representatives of the Halloren from the salt mines near Halle, Germany, visited Berlin, in picturesque garb, to convey New Year greetings to President von Hindenburg. They were subsequently entertained at the Engelhart Brewery by Herr Eisner and the directors, where mugs were clinked with great joy

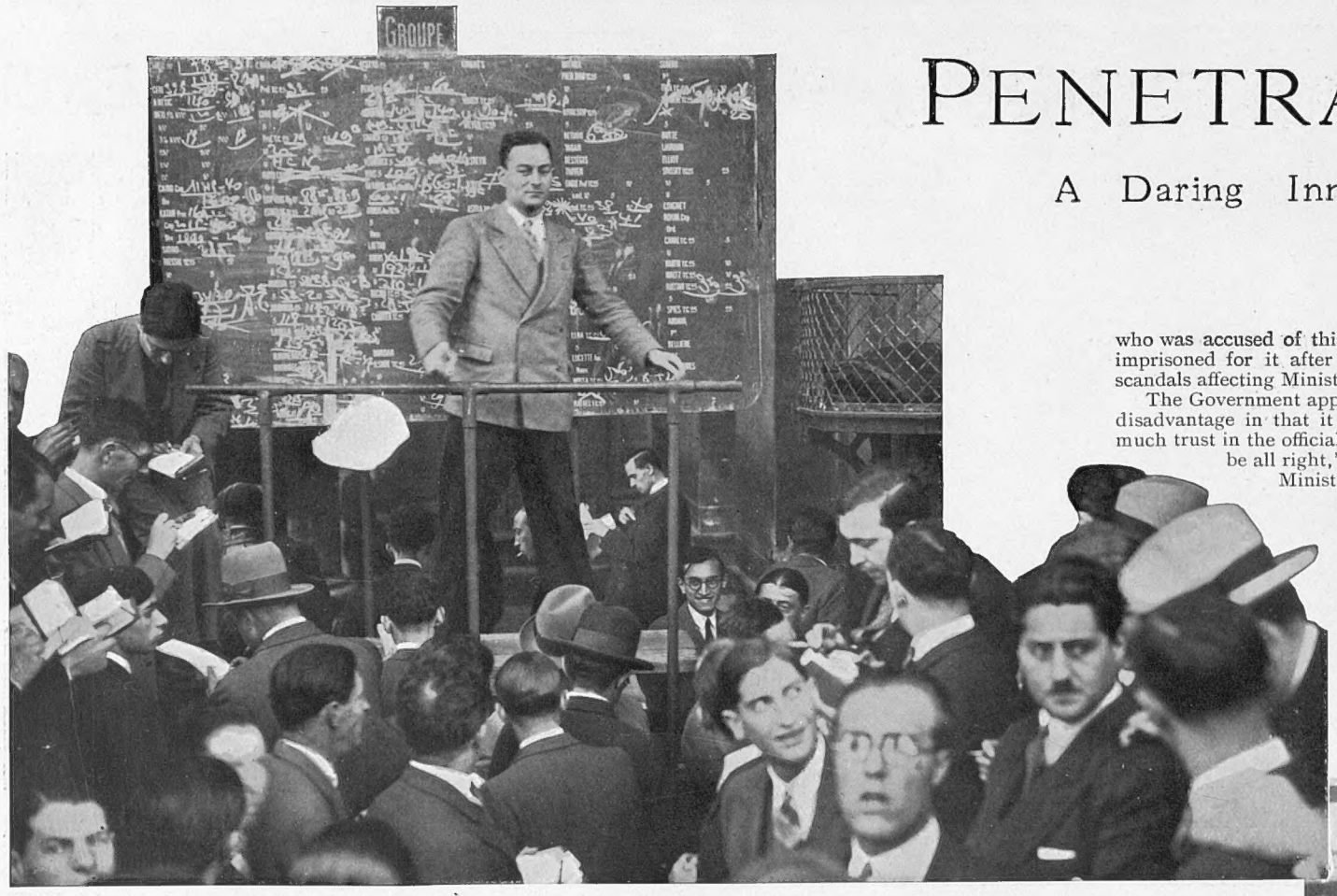


LIQUOR TORPEDOES: The tanks which were hauled on the mile-long cable (seen in the upper picture) from Canada to America—a great discovery by U.S. Customs officers



NEW YEAR IN FRANCE: President Doumer was inundated with State visits on New Year's Day. The trio on the steps of the Elysée, seen above, are President Doumer, Premier Laval, and M. Pierre de Fouquieries, Chief of the Protocol at the Elysée

A TOWN TO GO BANKRUPT? Steyr, in Austria, has threatened to declare itself bankrupt. 53 per cent. of the population are unemployed; 80 per cent. of the children underfed



MARKING UP THE PRICES: *Even in depression the Bourse is a maelstrom of activity, while in times of boom the excitement and noise recall Bedlam. The inhabitants of the Bourse are packed into ratled circles in which they stand as in an auctioneer's ring*

PENETRATING

A Daring Innocent Invade Paris Stoc

By JOSSLEY

"I want you to buy me fifty shares, so that I can watch them go up and down," and I added "Broker-age one-eighth" to show that I knew what I was talking about . . .

"You don't want anything gilt-edged, I gather," he said. It's wonderful how they talk.

"I want it to go up and down," I explained patiently, and I indicated the required movement with my umbrella.

—A. A. Milne in Once a Week.

Henri, who is a friend of mine on the French Stock Exchange, smiled politely as I read the essay, of which the foregoing is an extract, to him.

"It is for that type of financier that the *Marché des Pieds Humides* exists," he observed.

"The Market of the Damp Feet!" I exclaimed joyfully. "My dear Henri, *promise* me that such a place exists!"

"Come across to Paris with me to-morrow and I'll show it to you," he invited.

"Done!" I said firmly.

In order to be properly appreciative of what Henri was going to show me on the French Stock Exchange, I looked up "Stock Exchange" and "Bourse" in the encyclopædia, but after I had glanced through two columns I decided to keep my amateur status in Stock Exchange matters. Twenty-four hours later, after a perfect dinner, Henri handed me some remarkable old brandy and discoursed to me of his activities in high finance.

Unlike the London Stock Exchange, which is definitely "high hat" in its selection of those whom it will admit to watch its delirious comings and goings, the Paris Bourse positively invites the French citizen to step right up and see that it has nothing up its sleeves, just like a conjurer, and, as with all the best conjurers, your money vanishes just the same.

"What I mean" said Henri, "is that when the Bourse was reorganized by the Republic after the Revolution, the State in its wisdom said in effect: 'All good citizens are by nature fools. We must protect them from thieves. We will therefore enact that any citizen may go into the market after he has instructed his *agent de change* to buy some shares for him, and actually watch the *agent* buy those shares with his own eyes.'" (Needless to say, this does not apply to the confounded foreigner, who is not allowed in. Presumably the more he is robbed the better.)

But whoever heard of a conjurer being put out by the closest inspection of his trick? "And," explained Henri with a twinkle over his glass, "the fact that the citizen can go and stand sternly over his *agent* while he buys is no protection at all, for he cannot be acquainted with the inner technique of the market, and if for the sake of argument his *agent* wished to do him down, he could do so in a thousand ways with a lift of his eyelid to the selling *agent*."

The French Stock Exchange has three main divisions of *agents*: the *Marché des Pieds Humides*, the *Coulisse*, and the *Parquet*. "In justice to the Bourse before your English readers," said Henri, "I hasten to remark that the Market of the Damp Feet hardly forms part of the official organization recognized by the French State for the buying and selling of shares, for in point of fact it is what you call in London the bucket shops. Its title comes from the fact that, if you are so foolish as to deal on it, you do so in the street where, I suppose, the assumption is that it is constantly raining (a somewhat surprising assumption to an Englishman, no doubt, who is apt to fancy that he has a corner in that commodity in London).

"Nor is the *Coulisse* itself, to which I belong, recognized by statute of the Republic. It is but one more example of the collective madness which seizes intelligent human beings when they get together and call themselves legislators. The Republic said: 'Not only shall the citizen be protected from the dishonest *agent* by being allowed to watch him make his deal, but he shall be protected from himself and only be allowed to deal in such shares as our Minister of Finance, having previously examined, shall consider safe for him to buy!'". Is it not one of life's most inconvenient ironies that the State in all countries is apparently so busy casting motes out of its citizens' eyes that it never notices the mass of beams in its own?

For observe what happens here in France. Only certain officially allowed shares are quoted on the *Parquet*, which is the Stock Exchange in the eyes of the law. But no law can prevent the citizens from indulging in activities which seem reasonable to the mass of them. No law can stop them from being interested in all kinds of shares not on the official list. Consequently a whole class of agents automatically sprang up from the first moment that the law was promulgated, who deal in shares not officially quoted. What is more, the State has been compelled by the logic of circumstances to wink its beamful eye at the *coulissiers*, so called because they do not deal on the *Parquet*, or floor of the house, but in the wings. (The *coulissiers* are to be seen in the picture on the right-hand bottom corner doing their business in the portico in the shelter of the great classic columns. What happens to the wretched fellows when it rains I forgot to ask Henri.)

Moreover, what is to prevent a company promoter from trying to "get at" the Minister of Finance or his officials and offering him inducements to list officially some new share in which he is interested?

This is not the place to discuss how often this happens; let it suffice to say that in recent months there has been a celebrated case of a banker who was accused of this very practice and who was imprisoned for it after a series of most unpleasant scandals affecting Ministers of State.

The Government approved system has the further disadvantage in that it creates in some citizens too much trust in the officially-listed stocks ("They must be all right," these innocents say; "the Ministry of Finance has examined their merits") and in others too much distrust ("They are probably all a put-up job; remember how we were had the last time") . . .

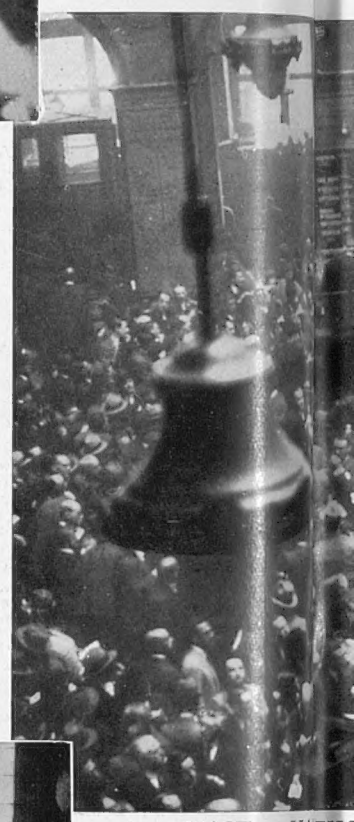
"French finance is rather prone to that sort of thing, isn't it?" I remarked incautiously in my blunt British way.

THE THIRD MOST IMPORTANT STOCK EXCHANGE IN THE WORLD: *The entrance to the Paris Bourse, within which only securities approved by the French Government may be traded in*

"Well," replied Henri slowly, "I do not pretend that French finance has a lily white conscience. . . ."

He paused and then continued with his gentle French irony:

". . . But it may be permitted a Frenchman who reads his newspapers to suggest that of recent years your own excellent City of London, full of Englishmen whose word is, of course, their bond, has in one or two spectacular instances shown that bond to be somewhat worthless when presented for payment.



A VAST HAFIL
financial crisis. Hare

"Now you know me to be a good friend of the English. I have spent many happy days with you. I get my clothes from Savile Row. I even went to the length of importing an English wife. (By the way, mind your Mr. Runciman doesn't provoke us to put a retaliatory duty on this type of luxury commodity!) It is therefore in a sincere spirit of friendliness that I can say that your recent financial scandals have done harm to British business. In New York (or in Paris, if you insist on it) you dealt on the Stock Exchange and knew that you had to keep your eyes open. But in London one was perfectly safe."

"And what sort of a man is the individual French investor?" I asked Henri.

"Well, of course, the ownership of stocks and shares is not anything like as widespread in France as it is in Britain or the United States," he answered.

the MYSTERIES of the PARIS BOURSE

the "Parquet" of the Exchange

HENNESSY

"Broadly speaking, the French do not hold their wealth in stocks and shares, but in goods. As you know, the French are a very thrifty people—far more so than yours, on the whole, I venture to say. A *femme de ménage* (or charwoman) of my acquaintance, who is about sixty years old, still goes out every day to her charing to earn her four francs per hour, in spite of the fact that she has worked so hard that she has saved enough to buy two flats in Paris and a small villa in the country, all of which she lets.

"That, for the point that I am trying to make, is very enlightening. It is probable, were an English char to be such a successful saver, that she would put her money in War Savings Certificates or War Loan or in a Mutual Benefit Society and hold it in the form of bits of paper certifying her claims to wealth.

"The French mechanic does not put his savings into stock: either he tends to set himself up in business on his own, for the French are still a nation of small owners, one man businesses and craftsmen; or he buys a house or land.

"Such a state of affairs in the long run, no doubt, tends to make great accumulations of capital more slow and difficult than in your country, and in ordinary times perhaps—the point is arguable—this habit delays the so-called industrial 'development' of France, for you cannot have great industries on the American and British scale without great masses of capital in paper. But in extraordinary times such as those in which we live, I fancy that France will be definitely the gainer for it; as in the future—forgive me if I sound unduly pessimistic—I rather fancy that all holders of titles to wealth in paper are going to see a considerable decrease in its value, if they have not done so already. The French peasant, who has all his wealth in his land—and you would be astonished to learn what a vast proportion own their own farms or vineyards—and the French city worker, who has all his wealth in commodities in his home, are going to weather the present economic crisis with less difficulty than the so-called more highly developed countries whose wealth is so largely transferable in depreciated stocks and shares."

The next day I ventured to put Henri's criticisms of the *Parquet* before a high official of that organization. He answered me thus: "There is absolutely no truth in the suggestion that outside influences can secure the official quotation of a stock. The Ministry examines all requests that come before it with the strictest impartiality. It is, of course, true that from time to time foreign government loans are raised on the French market, and that there may be a motive of international policy behind such a loan, in which case it must have, *ipso facto*, the approval of the French Government.

"To that extent it may be true to say that influence can play a part in deciding what gets on to the list. But do not forget that the Ministry's certificate is merely permissive, and we, the private company recognized by the State as having the monopoly in the dealings in certain stocks, are not forced to quote any stock just because the Government has authorized us to do so."

"Has it ever happened," I put in, "that the *Parquet* has refused to deal in a stock approved by the Ministry?"

"I do not remember such a case off-hand," he replied.

From the official of the *Parquet* I went round to Henri's office.

"So you really want to go over the Bourse, do you?" he said. "Nothing easier, come along with me. Business is so bad there won't be a soul there. . . . We will pretend that you are a Frenchman, otherwise you will get all your clothes torn off and be thrown out," he added cheerfully.

It was with some trepidation that I entered the Grecian temple that is the third most important Stock Exchange in the world. In passing, one may note the partiality of financiers—look at our own Stock Exchange—to conduct their affairs in Greek temples. No wonder that the worshippers are reputed to be seized with such Dionysian frenzies from time to time.

Of course I knew that entry into the Paris Bourse was not surrounded with all the terrors which go to make the London Stock Exchange such a formidable place for the outsider, but I had expected some little formality. At least a demand to see one's passport or a request to pronounce the word "*prestidigitateur*" as a test of one's French citizenship. But I was disappointed. We simply walked up the steps and passed through some swing doors for all the world as if we were going in for a drink.

My memories of the inside of the Bourse are confused, I must confess. A vast hall, filled with a thousand cries which the echoes turned into one continuous cataract of noise, thronged with people hurrying along with the purposeful air that one sees in a bull terrier tearing down the road to join in a dog fight. Gradually as the feverish turmoil became part of the background in my mind, I realized that the floor of the hall was divided into a number of railed circles in which human beings packed as tight as sardines were standing as in an auctioneer's ring. ("There won't be a soul there," Henri had said!)

They were all shouting at once, and I could not discover that anyone bothered to listen to anyone else. In fact it was rather like the scene in my old school hall on the last day of term on which, in what I now realized to have been a very quiet, gentlemanly, amateurish way, 600 of us shouted, stamped, and cheered, till we were hoarse, at every prize winner, not because we attached any great importance to his learning, but simply because it was the last day of term and we were all going home to-morrow.

I gathered from Henri that vast sums of money were changing hands and suddenly I grasped that the writers in the financial columns had not after all been pulling our legs this many a year, for here were gold mines rocketing to the sky and gilt edge losing points steadily (of course) and I recognized that the condition of the market was distinctly feverish.

"I suppose you occasionally let the bulls loose in those rings," I remarked carelessly, not without a certain pride at my knowledge of finance.

"Well, they are mostly full of bears to-day," Henri, smiled. "Don't forget this is a time of depression."

I looked again and the happiness of the metaphor struck me, for I have rarely seen a collection of men who appeared more bearish. In the next moment I also experienced one of those panics that make up the daily round on the Stock Exchange. I suddenly realized that Henri, who is one of those trying Frenchmen who speak my own language better than I do, was talking to me in English and I had visions of being thrown out instantly. However, in the uproar that was going on he assured me that no one would notice, and the casual way in which he leant against a pillar of this awe-inspiring building with his hat half over his eyes did much to restore my morale.

I learnt that in one way at least the Bourse is not unlike our own Stock Exchange. That is in its propensity for practical jokes. The newly joined recruit thirsting to bring off his first big deal is told to go out and buy 500 Venetian Tramway shares (yes, I will confess that I too took a minute to see what the point of this joke was). If the consequent ragging does not damp his ardour, he is told to go to the *échelle des primes* (which is the name of the options market) and bring back at all costs the office *échelle* which has been temporarily lent to it and is overdue for return. The poor innocent thereupon goes away with the firm intention of standing no nonsense from the market if they refuse to hand back the office step ladder. His reception, Henri remarked, is bearish—in the non-technical sense of the word.

When at length we reached the open air again I heaved a sigh of relief at the comparatively peaceful roar of the traffic in the busy Place de la Bourse.

"Of course," said Henri apologetically, "there was no business being done. You really ought to see us in a boom period. It *is* rather noisy then."

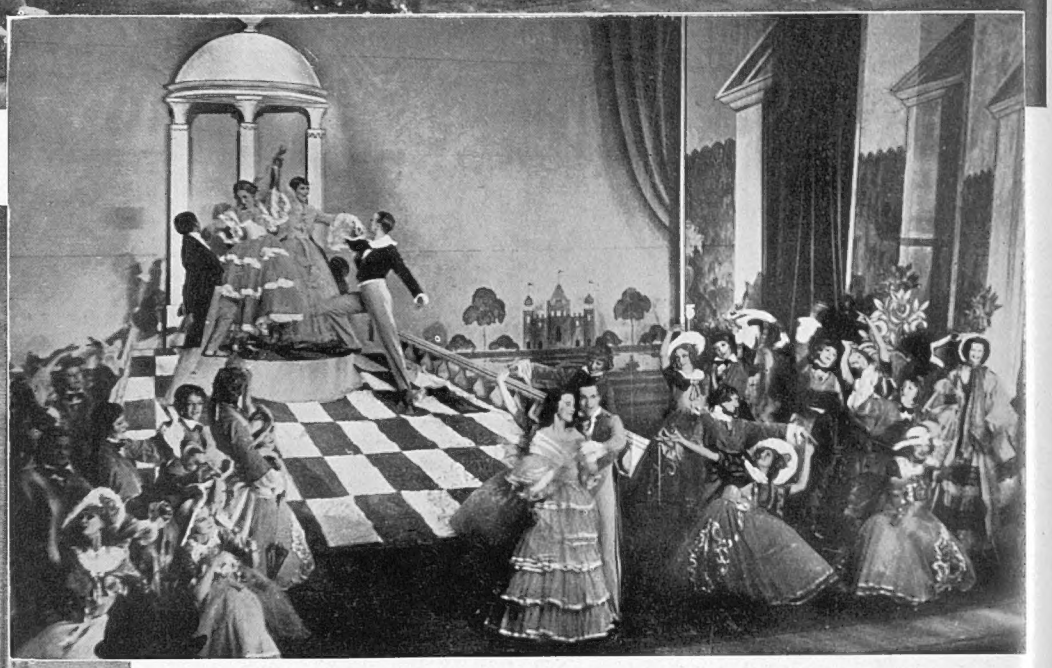
Well, all I can say is that there is now at least one person who is thankful for the depression.

FILLED WITH A THOUSAND CRIES: *A scene on the Bourse during a moment of [illegible]re optional. The Greek architecture of finance, Mr. Hennessy comments ironically, may account for some of the frenzied performances held in the Bourses of the world*

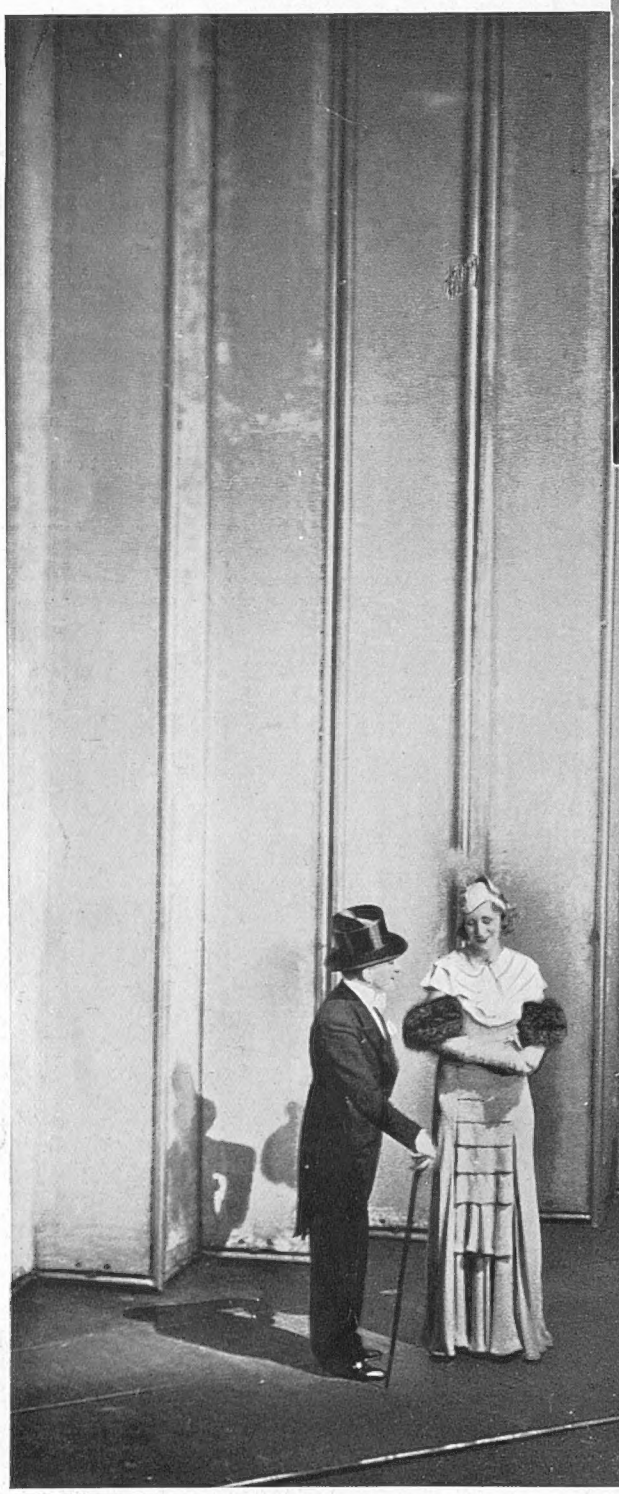
THE OUTSIDE MARKET: *The* Coulissiers *carry on their trading "in the wings"—hence their name—or in the Portico of the Bourse. They deal in shares not officially quoted*

LONDON'S LATEST ENTERTAINMENTS

"BOW BELLS" IN FULL PEAL: Miss Binnie Hale and the chorus in the silver scene, "Builders of Dreams," in the last scene of the often deferred but none the less welcome production at the Hippodrome



"LOVE KEEPS OUT THE RAIN": One of the song hits of "Bow Bells" sung by Mr. Billy Milton and Miss Joan Gardner. The scenery in this mechanized production is constructed either of velvet or of metal and is placed in panels drawn swiftly across the stage



THE SILVER SCREEN: Mr. Nelson Keys and Miss Binnie Hale in front of the novel metal scenery at the Hippodrome. Canvas scenery and footlights are replaced by "overhead chariots" and lamps in the balcony

IMMORTALIZING THE IMMORTALS OF THE CIRCUS: Peter Baxendale (Mrs. Basil Baxendale), the distinguished artist who specializes in circus subjects, sketches types at the entrance to the ring during a performance of the Mills Circus at Olympia

SCOTTISH SNOW

Winter Sports in Britain

PATRIOTS ARE GAINING by wintering in Britain, for Scotland has enjoyed a fall of snow which has enabled winter sports to be held in many districts. Ben Lawers, which towers 4,000 ft. above Loch Tay, gives ski-ers good runs

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: Herr Schmidt, the Swiss expert, makes a spectacular jump while ski-ing at Morone, near Braemar

WINTER IN REAL EARNEST: A snow-plough at work near Braemar proves a difficult obstacle to move sideways to admit of the passage of a motor-bus. The snowfall has been exceedingly heavy

A NOVELTY IN SCOTLAND: Ski-joring is a sport peculiarly alien to Britain, but, with the movement for wintering at home that has been so marked this season, it has been found possible to enjoy all Alpine sports within our own bounds. A scene from Braemar

TRACKS OF THE LONG SHOE: Two expert ski-ers enjoy good sport on one of the many snow-covered slopes of Perthshire. The winter itself has given a good impetus to the "Buy British" movement, for Alpine sports have been available in many domestic centres

NORTHWARD—AND SNOW-WARD—BOUND! A winter-sports enthusiast waiting for the "Flying Scotsman" instead of the boat-train this year

IN SPAIN TO-DAY:

THE SPAIN OF YESTERDAY *has not yet vanished, as this picturesque figure clearly shows. There is, however, a stupendous movement towards feminine emancipation now in progress*

BARCELONA.

The same Spaniards!

Where is the difference between this and April 11 last, when I sat in this same café watching the spectacle of the Rambla? These people may have voted that they are Catalans by 593,000 to 3,000, and Colonel Macia no longer is; feverishly in revolt up at Montparnasse, but ordains, calms here by word of mouth from a balcony; the spectacle is notwithstanding constant, unmodified. The same thronging, sauntering parade, merely swelling to a crush at noon and 7 p.m., the same incessant lottery shouting, permanent politico-squatting in cafés and bars, dodging to and fro of little Violeteras pressing flowers upon you; the same line of birdcages, their inmates drowning the prices shrilly announced, the same descent on one's shoes the instant one sits down ("Limpiar, señor, limpiar!"), the same hawking of giant prawns, the same strolling guitarist, or deformed beggar, swaggering Civil Guard and white-helmeted police, and the young men, there they are, very Americano with their padded shoulders, baggy pants, belts, and hands in trouser pockets, but a Latin touch in the coats worn cape-like, sleeves swinging, and the girls, olive, full-lipped, shawls gaily splashing across national sombre hues—freely black. Flowers in the hair. Tramcars clanking criminally, cars honking and hiccuping without limit of speed. But essentially—the prolonged café squatting over vermouth or coffee and cream, with periodical visits to the nearest newspaper kiosk.

Ah, that was the first thing—the kiosk! I looked again and again. Suggestive, unpleasant literature. What was this? If there was one thing to be associated with Spain it was a great decency in these matters. And here were hanging timid first cousins to those joyless boulevard sheets. Chiefly the drawings seemed to carry suppositions as if the editors of the erotic sproutings were still feeling their way. "What would you do if this girl were of flesh and blood and . . . ?" "Supposing this lady's dress were shorter and the breast cut deeper?" Heavy stuff? Yes, but these novices have to be initiated.

I set out to look for other changes to the eye and find them. Where are the officers? This Rambla used to be thick with them, tripping over their swords owing to excessive saluting: one officer to every ten men was the figure. The officers have been retired in mass, one of a long list of grave social charges with which the future of the Republic is cast. At the post office I find Alfonso's head stamped "Republica" (though the peseta I tender is still royal in effigy) and the street name has been changed to "Calle Galan." "Calle de la Libertà," Plaza of April 14, the old order, has been deleted from the public highways. And that flag, that new flag! A very liverish production for an already liverish people. Horizontal yellow, red, violet. The violet, I was told, had to be, in salute of the former and first Republic.

And then the posters speak differently from monarchist days. The national artist, Argentina, Antonia Merce of the lovely legs and lightness, is going to appear for the Republic which has decorated her and wishes that she start a conservatoire of folksong and dance. A liberal play by the Prime Minister is to be enacted in Señor Azana's presence. Señor Espla is to conserve national music in a lyric theatre devoted to the zarzuela, so different from operetta. There's much fresh and joyous race-consciousness of this kind. Vibrant proclamations stare one in the face by the Syndicat Unico, or cross between T.U.C. and Soviet, by the Jesuit-haters, by the moderates. I buy the papers and the transformation is utter, for they tell of a country plunged in new and startling things. And as I read strolling along I collide with a knot of people gazing upward. They

A QUESTION OF DOMINION STATUS: *A typical Catalan in the characteristic red hat of the district. He, like his ancestors, sees his troubles disappear in smoke—from his pipe*

continue gazing. There is nothing there. They have bought the Fotografia Misteriosa of the shot Captain Hernandez, a black picture outlined in white and which, by an optical illusion—something to do with negative-positive of the retina—is reproduced in the sky if you first concentrate for sixty slow seconds on four points of the mystery card. Very popular.

And—most striking novelty—it appears that if I return presently to Spain I may find the beginnings of an anti-bull-fighting campaign in train. "Bull-ring or Futbol?" Such is a question in the offing, and the humanistic Madrid Government of journalists, philosophers, and intellectuals is said to be pushing it, partly in order to impress foreign countries. A daring Government this, holding back at nought or little. What would Spaniards do on Sunday afternoons? ("Futbol!") Yet the campaign may gain from the fact that the public has in latter times grown rather tired of the matadors, rendered dollar-soft in South America. Their favourites, Joselito and Granero, finished impaled, and when the other of the triumvirate, Belmonte, recently emerged from retirement to honour the Republic, he was promptly carried out wounded, though only risking as a picador.

Interviewed, the veteran may have shown which way the wind is blowing:

> In course of time, as the public becomes educated, the corrida will be regarded as too barbarous a distraction. It is indeed a cruel spectacle.

Lalanda, the maestre with 188 bulls last season, is also wobbling. He says he really ought not to go on tempting Providence now that he has put enough aside.

"Why don't you get rid of the horses?" I say to a Spanish friend. "The bulls don't matter so much. They're hurt and exasperated, but death is direct. Nor do the men matter—they're out for gain. But the blindfold, terrified old horses!" And recollection comes of how, last Easter, I walked out of my second bull-fight, after three minutes. Also, remembrance of the saddest animal sight ever, witnessed that evening: two exhausted old horses which have escaped that afternoon's bestiality, tethered outside a bar, still blindfold, forgotten. The padded shield which Primo gave to the horses is useless. The picadors merely turn the unshielded breast to the bull, as happened at Granada.

"We do not look at the blood," says my companion. "You do not understand the wonderful passes, the finesse."

"Well, for Heaven's sake, if the blood means nothing, cut out the horses."

Inwardly I reflect, "the bull is no worse than hunting stags out into the Channel."

I came down here through Fontainebleau and passed the Savoy Hotel there, thinking of an ex-King within, pouring over the Spanish papers. Sad Christmas. It is a habit of mine, good or bad, to see things much through personalities. Here, in the new-forming Spain, a first question concerned Don Alfonso. Was he missed? Was there any chance of his ever returning?

This may be an accurate enough reading, *at the present time*, as deduced from several sources:—

"There is already forming a definite reactionary movement, but you must not mistake this for a monarchist revival. The Central Government, by attempting too much, by shaking a Utopia cocktail of Lenin, and your British socialism and *les Droits de l'Homme*, not to mention Kellogg and a few more things, by unwisely, almost wantonly, propounding intensely controversial questions which could well have waited (the transcendental, for instance), by making mistake on mistake, and, in sum, not yet bringing much practical good, has lost ground in the country. They have scampered over tradition, grievously offended the mass of devoutly practising women, frightened capital away, and the pronouncement of civil death on Alfonso was a blunder. It is not Spanish to kick a man when he's down. Moreover, the truth is dawning that the late reign did a good deal for Spain, all the same, and that the dictatorship, in accepting which the monarch committed *lèse majesté* against the State, was heartily welcomed by the mass of the people, illegal though it manifestly was. Also, the earlier stories of Don Alfonso having escaped with a fortune are not being borne out. A whole world of splendour, almost of the Middle Ages, went with him, and there are those who regret that, in a country such as Spain, quickening to colour and tradition. The Duke of Alba, of a dozen gorgeous dukedoms and marquisates, is now Citizen Stuart Fitzjames, in a workers' republic. It is sudden. Yet do not imagine, even if Spaniards be the most fickle people on earth, that Don Alfonso has much chance of coming back. There's no room for him now; he'd be too reminiscent of what *must go*. You will find numbers of what we call 'kingless monarchists' in Spain. Some day they might organize for a son of Don Alfonso. The late King was not personally loyal, and Spaniards must have that. He came to be mistrusted even by his own nobility. If any individual is missed it is Primo, and by none more so than by the women.

Briefly, it may be that as time wears on, Don Alfonso's memory is unlikely to remain where the Cortes latterly docketed it—all sinister—but that, however tense the struggle Spain has ahead of her, the late king is too identified with the keeping of Spaniards in a condition of illiterate darkness and backward poverty ever to stand a chance again in the story that is opening in the Peninsula, of lightning popular awakening to the essentially material.

Spaniards are, on the other hand, rapidly steadying up from the opening intoxication of the Republic—days when women cabaret-turns sought to be as virago-ish as 1789 as possible, and stamped the stage swathed in yellow, red, and violet. To turn a king out, almost unanimously, was fine. Stock is now beginning to be taken, in the leisurely Spanish manner. There are great hopes. Also great hazards, dangers. Renascence? Convulsion? Or decomposition? One of the three it is going to be. Spain has not found herself one bit yet. How should she? She has been turned upside down, as by a sinewed gardener in a most violent hurry.

MODERN MADRID: *The backneyed charm of the traditional the beauty created*

A Special "Sphere" Narrative from Barcelona

The Rapid Change from the Old To-Morrow-Loving Spain into Something Strange to Latin Ways and Thought Does Not Meet with Unanimous Approval

By FERDINAND TUOHY

There never was such a turning upside down in so short a while. Russia in 1917? These things are relative, not easy of comparison. Russians are not really Europeans, as Kipling once observed. They follow semi-mystically on. They are urged into perpetual motion by climate. Though the illiteracy and peasant slaving under the Tsar had their parallel in Spain in 1931 (Trotsky long ago dreamt of lighting Europe red from both extremities), Spaniards are in character and temperament different beings from Russians. Easy-going, individualistic to the core, they have history in their veins, and the crossing-sweeper can have the gentleman in him. They are not even revolutionary but "governmental" according to the Socialist leader, Largo Caballero:

> Spain is a country abnormally non-revolutionary. The capacity for revolution is a talent or a vice which peoples have or have not. Spain has not got the talent or vice.

And he goes on to argue that there was no revolution which has ever implied the thrusting of a minority, but that Spain slowly and universally moved over to a new style of ruling herself and being ruled.

The trouble is, as previously suggested, that infinitely too much has been essayed, and often the wrong things, by Ministers—let us out with it—who seem to be freely unpractical and too set on studding the Statute Book at all costs with long-standing personal convictions, if not bees in their bonnets. ("Carrying their former leading articles from theory into practice at the expense of 22,000,000 souls," is one way it has been put.) If you glance through the Premier's *Monk's Garden*, sort of Portrait of the Artist, the anti-religion laws become clearer. Are publicists sound people to run countries? May not Mussolini have been the builder exception? Are not journalists apt to be top-heavy critically, and often prone to skate over basic and undodgeable hard facts governing institutions? (I know they have some rare awakenings when brought in contact with inner and insurmountable circumstances.) Isn't it a weakness of theirs to be impatient, all-embracing, while at the same time betraying symptoms of a natural tendency to take things easily? Are they as practically-minded as they might be? And that destructionist tendency, for ever epitomised in Clemenceau? Well, at any rate none can deny that Spain's literary Ministers are trying to be constructionist, only they pulled the whole previous house down at one swoop, when it might have been the wiser part to have proceeded gradually, now removing, now grafting on.

Judging by its programme and disregarding the party labels going to form it, the new Azana Ministry seems to be rather more Socialist than our late lamented one. The big push of the Left, with Largo Caballero its proponent, is henceforward "on." The first nine months of the Republic were taken up with the new Constitution, and with general congratulations. Then the Conservative element desired a consultation of the people. But the Socialist (116) and the Radicals (60) dangled the General Strike unless this same Cortes went ahead, as apparently understood, and voted a further string of far-reaching reforms. This is now being done. Perhaps the situation may be clearer if I tabulate what has already been done and what it is proposed to do:

Legislation Carried.

The Constitution voted;

The Sovereign outlawed, degraded, and dispossessed;

The State separated from the Church;
The Jesuits to go;
Votes for 5,000,000 women;
War ruled out; the armed forces as police;
Agrarian palliatives;
Social services initiated;
Banking control.

Legislation to Come.

Responsibilities for the past;
Expulsion of the religious congregations;
Introduction of sweeping divorce;
Building of first batch of 20,000 schools;
New civil code;
Electoral law favouring the Socialists;
Unemployment insurance, pensions;
Reduction of the Army;
Reduction of functionaries;
Tariffs (it is hoped, linking with S. America);
Workers control of firms and companies of over fifty employees;
Making over of the land to the peasants;
Regionalism: the various statutes for the claimant provinces.

And a deal more connected mainly with the social services which are being planned on a scale to bring joy to the heart of Poplar. And yet a saying goes that the poorest man in contemporary Spain is the Chancellor, Indolecio Prieto, who expects a deficit, already, of a milliard-and-a-half pesetas in April's budget.

STRIKES ARE RAMPANT *in Spain, largely owing to the attitude of the Socialistic Government, which makes concession after concession to workers who use, or threaten to use, the weapon of the strike*

Through lack of foreign confidence, over seven milliards of pesetas have been drained from the country in latter months, and it still goes on. Taxes are not coming in, commerce and industry are languishing as elsewhere, unemployment is growing, the railways are bringing in nothing though reduced to a minimum service, and vast credits, already spent in "giving sugar" to the masses, will have to be met. Where rigid economising should be the word, spendthrift schemes are in prospect. Nevertheless, it is only fair to say that the economic state of Spain is not so bad as that of several other lands. Owing to the world fall in prices, the peseta has hardly lost purchasing value within the country and, anyway, the standard of living of the bulk of Spaniards is remarkably economical.

(In passing, Spain is the best bargain in Europe for the travelling sterlingite at the present time.) The depreciated currency has enabled big exportation, such as £10,000,000 worth of oranges recently, to be perpetuated. Too much Protection has sensibly lessened customs' receipts, but Spain is not yet hit by that terror, over-production, while her natural riches remain largely unexploited. For which connection she has the chance to learn by the bitter experience of others and not go at it like a bull at the muleta. Spaniards are going to endure a long time; may they not over-produce and over-develop like the rest of us have done, leaving us now up against a stone wall.

To proceed, the population has not heretofore required much more than it could itself produce. Spain is apt to be an independent land. And she has no big International care to embarrass her. The service of internal and external debts seems to reach some £15,000,000 per annum. Yet there is a grave monetary crisis of confidence which, linked to the flight of capital, has crippled agriculture and industry. Nor is the cause far to seek: *Can this Republic last?* Hasn't it stirred up more trouble than it has allayed? Work, economy, social order—what of this ruling trio? Is not the new State perilously drifting, with too many pilots on the bridge, discussing things? Have not these pilots (to mix the metaphor) already upset the apple cart.

Passing over for the moment the Anarcho-Syndicalist Colossus in the background, take the passions roused by three such problems as divorce, anti-clericalism, autonomy. It is no exaggeration to say the country is cleft in several sections by them. The divorce proposals have shocked millions. Mutual consent, desertion, specific disease, six or more years' imprisonment, separation for five years or over, immoral conduct "rendering the common life impossible," urging to prostitution, insanity, and wives to pay alimony are in the text.

I know most of these things are sound, but that is not the point, which is that Spain has heretofore been a divorceless land in which women have been almost archaically kept apart, and wherein sexual licence has shown a stricter picture than anywhere else in Europe—a tale, incidentally, which I understand the revolution has as yet scarcely altered. The almost savage despoiling of religion, and its official deletion from the life of the nation, have come as a profound shock to millions (particularly women) who will certainly vote against the Government at the Spring election.

These citizens want a Concordat with Rome. They want the priests out of the way in lay matters, kept to the spiritual, but the burning of churches and the virtual outlawry of priests and religious orders are alike condemned, and in a widening circle now that the first spasm of atheism is ceasing to yield a kick. Concerning the Jesuits, opinion is divided. In the Basque country round Loyola they are defended, if not to a man, to a woman. Yet the bulk of Spain, to be candid, rather thinks the Black Company has abused by over-insinuation into the life of the country, by manipulating from off-stage, fashioning the young in their own image, gaining an ascendancy over the women, camouflaging true activities which, when they were not political, were economic.

As for autonomy, some of those best qualified to judge believe this Republic will disintegrate on the issue. It dominates the

(Continued on p. 68)

THE *ANCIEN REGIME*: *Primo de Rivera and a dignitary of the church, representing the age-old alliance which dominated Spain for centuries—now being swept aside in a flood of Socialism*

two pictures present not the somewhat and somewhat ramshackle Spain, but by the new regime

BARCELONA STILL THE HOTBED: *Soldiers search a striker in the famous revolutionary city*

THE BROODING CRANE: This huge bird, as big as a man, is here seen crouching over her nest in the Northern Swedish marshland

THE GREAT CRANE'S EGGS: The great Swedish crane lays two huge eggs flecked with brown, red and grey, which she carefully arranges with her great feet

THE CRANES ARRIVE AT THE WHITE NILE: Migrating from Sweden, these huge birds fly right across Europe and up the Nile until they reach the waters of the White Nile, where Mr. Bengt Berg observed them flying and resting in their thousands

A MIGHTY RUSH OF GREAT CRANES: This picture shows the immense spread of wing possessed by these giant birds. It was obtained while they were flying above the waters of the White Nile. They spend the winter months in the warm climate of Africa, disporting themselves just as a human does, free from family cares

IN FULL FLIGHT: An instantaneous study of a pair of giant cranes winging their way southward to their winter quarters in Africa

CRANES
from Sweden to the White Nile

The subject of migration is one of the most fascinating puzzles which perplex the mind of the scientist. Why and how do birds migrate? It is extremely difficult to keep check of their routes, although nowadays a considerable amount of data is being accumulated at the points of departure and arrival. One of the most successful of recent endeavours to track down the routes taken by a particular type of bird is recounted by Mr. Bengt Berg, the Swedish ornithologist, who has spent years of labour in observing and recording the habits of the great Swedish cranes. His first encounter with these giant birds is admirably told in *With the Migratory Birds to Africa* (just published by Jonathan Cape). All the illustrations given here will show how remarkable a recorder Mr. Berg is. The first one shows the cranes; next, "an eagle's eyrie on the ground, as I had pictured it to myself, was scarcely to be called a nest. It was placed on the one and only grass hummock, which was as large as a table, between two of the outermost willow bushes. On the hummock was a flat bed of withered grass, and there lay two huge, wonderful eggs flecked with brown, red, and grey. It all looked so strange. The eggs lay a good hand's breadth from each other, not close together in the middle of the nest like other eggs. Peeping out through a hole in the thick shell of one of the eggs was the Kuorga's chick. . . ."

"With what forethought the place for the nest had been chosen! On either side the crane could observe across the moss every living thing in the vicinity without fear of her long, prying neck being detected among the willow branches. How freely she might vanish into the reed-bed on one side or the other should anyone approach from the opposite direction! This, indeed, was what had just happened. Nobody had a notion where she was. So having seen as much as we wanted, and I having submissively put aside my first presumptuous thought of approaching the bird with the clumsy type of camera then in use, we worked our way out of the swamp and were about to start on our long tramp back. But suddenly the Finn called out to us and pointed in a direction where the moor lay like an open, widespread pasture. And there, in the far distance, stood the Kuorga—'the bird as big as a man.' Her stature was so great, as she stood there gazing at us, that she really looked like a human being. But only for a moment. She ducked, made two slow strides, and did not raise herself again. She was feeding—in order to feign unconcern. Oh, you wise bird! . . ."

Eventually, Mr. Bengt Berg finds his cranes far down the eastern side of Africa: "The cranes! The cranes at last! Our proud, handsome cranes from Europe, white-winged crowned cranes of Africa, and lovely pearl-grey demoiselle cranes from the steppes of Asia—cranes in myriads scattered over the dried-up millet fields, flying phalanxes of cranes in the cloudless, tropical sky, and cranes in countless multitudes on the banks of the White Nile. They assemble there when day draws near its close, when the sun for the space of a minute flames up through the mist on the horizon like a burning torch, before it dips beneath the rim of the desert. The rushing sound of their wings comes and goes like the murmur of the wind on the river. The loud clamour from their extended necks reverberates like the battle cry of wild hordes from foreign lands. And hordes from foreign lands, in truth, they are; hordes from far-away continents who, when the dry season arrives, muster in bands and descend upon the river district of the White Nile to batten upon its ripening profusion. . . ."

ROOF GARDEN SHRINES in Modern Tokio

The roof-tops of Tokio have been transformed into recreation and amusements centres, playgrounds for children, open-air places where the crowds listen to music programmes over the radio, or watch the returns of baseball games. Dramatic performers or gaily-clad dancers appear on temporary platforms poised perilously on a high elevation looking sheer down upon the pedestrians below. But in these busy centres, so far above the streets, dense with taxis crowding each other and the policemen waving their arms to regulate the traffic as it ebbs and flows to red, green, and yellow electric signals—the gods have not been forgotten.

Humble shrines by the wayside are common, not only in Tokio, but throughout the length and breadth of the land, and in households or shops where the ancestral gods are worshipped, there are family shrines. In every section of Tokio may be seen shrines sacred to patron or protecting gods.

All these shrines, small and great, are in reality listening-in places for the unseen deities to manifest themselves—that they may conveniently descend to overhear while men address them, offer their supplications, or return thanks for favours received.

Furthermore, the gods of Japan are not austere and far removed from the life of the people. They are very human gods indeed, and greatly pleased with the entertainments, singing, music, and dancing which their devotees provide at times of festivals in their honour.

It is interesting to see with what respect and care the shrines to the gods have been placed on the roofs of Tokio's high places. A bronze-gold shrine sacred to the Dragon-light Fudo, or God of Fire, is set in a secluded corner on the roof of a department store, approached by a humped stone bridge. The spot is shaded with trees and standing bronze lanterns of fine workmanship are placed on either side.

On the roof top of the Imperial Aviation Association building in Tokio is to be found a simple shrine of plain wood erected to the memory of the airmen of Japan who have lost their lives while flying. And on the top of a geisha school where these famous female entertainers learn how to dance, sing, and strum their three-stringed instrument, the samisen, there is a small shrine to the fox-god, the messenger of the Food Goddess, one of the most important personages of Japanese mythology. Here the geisha repair to pray for good luck.

The Buddhist deity, Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, presides over the roof-top of a department store in Tokio, which has been associated with this business firm for three centuries. Festivals are held for the merciful goddess in Spring, Autumn, and at the New Year.

By far the most popular roof-top deity, however, is the fox-god, because he is considered a harbinger of good fortune. A shrine to this god has been placed in a special garden on the roof of Tokio's largest department store. Customers are lured to this roof because the most attractive amusements are provided. After purchasers have thronged the different floors, the scene of hectic buying and selling, or partaken of refreshments in the crowded restaurants, they flock to an entertainment on the roof. It does not matter whether those who visit the store go to buy or merely look on while others spend. The shrine is kept spotless by a custodian who sweeps away the leaves and fallen twigs and washes the stepping-stones that are laid to the shrine.

Before these Shinto shrines are placed torii, or gates, of stone or wood, which is a sign that, within, the gods are worshipped.

Z. K.

SACRED TO THE BRINGER OF GOOD LUCK: The shrine of the Fox-god on the roof of one of Tokio's leading department stores. It is to this divinity, also enshrined over the Geishas' school, that the little ladies of Japan offer their prayers

GATED IN GRANITE: The shrine to the Fox-god on the roof of a general shop in Tokio is entered through a torii or gate of granite. Not only patrons of the shop may visit the shrine, but any passer-by

THE SHRINE OF A BUDDHIST DEITY: The promenade on the roof-top of a great store in Tokio has as its most interesting and characteristic feature the small shrine seen on the left. This is raised to Kwannon, Goddess of Mercy. This deity has been associated with the firm that conducts the store for the past three centuries, and festivals for her are held in Spring, in Autumn, and at the New Year

PURIFICATION: A Shinto ceremony on the roof-top of the Aviation Building in Tokio. The shrine is erected to the memory of airmen of Japan who perished when flying

TO THE GOD OF FIRE: The bronze-gold shrine erected to Dragon-light Fudo on the roof of a large general store in Tokio. The banner bears the name of the God

The FOLK who MAKE YOU LAUGH:

By CHAR

MR. H. M. BATEMAN, whose humour never amuses himself but convulses the world

During the past week I have spoken to seven of the greatest humorists in the country—P. G. Wodehouse, H. M. Bateman, Captain Harry Graham, Bobby Howes, Tom Webster, Cicely Courtneidge, and Ronald Jeans. Their combined incomes from selling laughs must run into more than £150,000 a year. And yet there seems to be only one thing which they have in common—that is to say, all those whom I asked about it have it in common—and this is that Harry Tate is the funniest man on the stage. As far as height goes P. G. Wodehouse and Harry Graham are both well over 6 ft. tall, while the others range from 5 ft. 3 in. to 5 ft. 7 in. As far as their private lives are concerned the public knows little or nothing about them except Bobby Howes and Cicely Courtneidge. Tom Webster, of course, is also seen everywhere when any big sporting event is taking place. But how many of the people who chuckle even at the recollection of "Prisoner, when arrested, clung to the railings" or "The Guardsman who dropped it" know what H. M. Bateman looks like or are even certain whether the artist is a man or a woman? On the whole I think I had better begin with Mr. Bateman for, though many believe he is a woman, he is, in fact, a man, "H. M." standing for Henry Mayo.

MR. TOM WEBSTER, who seeks his inspiration in the written word rather than in pictures

Mr. Bateman came and had tea with me on Wednesday. He is a small man with slightly saturnine eyebrows and a rather earnest manner. It is a coincidence that the first editor he ever met was the late Mr. Clement Shorter, who founded THE SPHERE. The average sum that Mr. Bateman is paid for the first rights to a drawing is £30, but a very successful one like "The Guardsman" will bring him something over £200 through royalties. And that is quite apart from the commercial side of his art. "I never laugh at my own drawings," Mr. Bateman told me in reply to a question. "But I laugh out loud at many of Patrick Bellew's, even though some people think that his style is modelled on mine. My chief difficulty is that I can never visualize anything except faces. When I leave you this afternoon I am going to Paddington to see exactly what a G.W.R. engine looks like and what colour it is. At home I have a sketch of a man fishing from a pier. The whole idea is in my mind, but I am waiting for an opportunity to go to Brighton or somewhere to see what a pier really looks like. Altogether I have about eighty rough sketches of future drawings. Some may never be completed. 'The Guardsman' was only finished five years after I got the original idea and drew the first sketch. But most of them will be." Incidentally the original incident took place in a volunteer reserve battalion in Hampshire in 1917.

Mr. Bateman then told me that he always jots down ideas for drawings when they occur to him, and produced some from his pocket-book. Here are three of his future masterpieces, just as they are noted down: "Dainty Hotel Porter," "Man who sniffs fine sea air so thoroughly that he swells up and floats out to sea," "Man who under-estimates his wife's bargain."

Mr. Bateman gets a dozen ideas sent to him every week from strangers, but finds that only one in forty is of any use to him. Some of them are unprintable, like one which has been sent to him in this last six months from Chile, Madras, and Monte Carlo. The idea is identical. Another very ordinary one is that of "The man who did not notice that it was a one-way street." This has been sent to him from London, York, Bristol, Leamington, Birmingham, and, in fact, everywhere. Mr. Bateman lives at Reigate and seldom comes to London. He considers that he is extremely well paid and often over-paid for his drawings. He began life as a serious artist, and studied the Flemish School with particular attention. To-day he works in the morning, sleeps in the afternoon, and works again in the evening. He has two dogs and, like most humorists, is often subject to fits of considerable depression.

Tom Webster, the highest paid cartoonist in the world, lives in Grosvenor Place, and is married to a charming American actress. He is small, with very long sandy eyelashes. It is said that his salary is in the neighbourhood of £8,000 and £10,000 a year. His first and greatest love in the realm of sporting cartoons is billiards. He is fond of cigars and Harry Tate's artistry. Tom is more subject to gloom than anyone I know. It may last for as much as twenty-four hours. He is, however, a marvellous companion and a first-class mimic. You should see his imitation of the refined baker's-van pony going down Bouverie Street past the cart-horses. Unlike H. M. Bateman, he has very little time in which to make his drawings and get his laugh. His procedure, if he has time, is to write for half an hour until he hits on a phrase that will give him his idea. Here, for example, is the apparently aimless meanderings of his pen before he drew his cartoon of the Dick Corbett–Johnny King fight the other day.

Splendid hall. Watched by a distinguished company. What about a splendid hall? How splendid? Johnny King wanted to be bantam-weight champion. He was not champion at the finish. Corbett's left hand stopped Johnny King from being champion. (Then there is a thumbnail sketch of a fist.) Got the crown knocked off.

So far, you see, he has not got started, though the adjective "splendid" has set something going in his brain. He takes another sheet of paper and continues:

CAPTAIN HARRY GRAHAM, whose "Ruthless Rhymes" are classics

The most enthusiastic crowd saw their man beaten—a fine hall. It is such a splendid hall that I doubt if a boxer minds losing in it. (Now he gets into his stride.) Don't count me out yet—I want to stay here and enjoy the place. (Ideas are coming fast.) Dick Corbett in a fight, the new bantam-weight champion of Great Britain. Johnny King of Manchester who was hoping to be bantam-weight champion of Great Britain. The crown, however, was flipped off his head by Dick Corbett, who used a pretty good straight left for the purpose. The encounter took place at Bell Vue, Manchester, on Monday night and was watched by a distinguished company which included Mr. C. B. Cochran and Mr. George Robey, and by an enthusiastic crowd who were ready to cheer everybody, including those people who were not at the fight. Being a native of Manchester, King could have got one. Every time that left smacked Mr. King's nose, the elephant house let go some snorty trumpeting.

MR. RONALD JEANS, who has abandoned the writing of revue sketches for plays

He is now set for his cartoon. You see the idea? That is the genesis of a funny cartoon right from the very start. Incidentally, Tom is as jealous of other artists (like Charles Grave), who can draw anything from memory, as H. M. Bateman is. H. M. Bateman had to get War Office permission to go and stand by the Lifeguardsman and sketch him for his picture of the person who offered his charger a carrot. Tom Webster has to act as model to himself—in the looking-glass—when he wants any abstruse action-drawing. And his valet, John, can draw him a rough draft of a concertina, as opposed to the final completed picture, far better than Tom himself.

Captain Harry Graham, who made his name as a wit thirty years ago with his *Ruthless Rhymes*, looks like the ex-Guards officer he is. Tall and burly, he has a Brigade moustache and an eye like Blücher. His favourite test of humour is whether you laugh at the man who said he had just found a moth in his overcoat and that it looked very silly, because the overcoat was of course far too big for it. Captain Graham has given up writing books of verse in favour of plays and lyrics, because the latter are so much more lucrative.

Think of what "All the king's horses and all the king's men" must have brought him, even though it was a "free" number. Again, he was responsible for the lyrics of *White Horse Inn* at the Coliseum. "There is this about writing a bad book rather than a bad play," he said. "If you write an unsuccessful book, nobody minds. If you write a show that fails, like *Lady in Waiting*, at the St. Martin's, people avoid you in the club rather as if you were recently bereaved and must be left alone."

Captain Graham lives near me in Gloucester Place, and when he is wrestling with an idea for a revue he goes off and walks up and down in Regent's Park. When he lived in Chelsea he used to do the same in Hyde Park. He is fond of golf, but does not find that this induces humour at all. He still feels it an "awful" strain to be funny, and is always delighted with the Marx Brothers. As to humorous verse, he says that it must be full of surprises, with a sting at the end, and must scan better and rhyme better than the best poetry—if it is to be successful.

Most lyric writers are accused of having rhyming dictionaries, and yet Noel Coward is the only one I know who really uses one. In private life he is the hardest worker who ever existed. As a result his income is about £18,000 a year. The pre-*Cavalcade* theory that he lisped out a play while sipping his early-morning cocktail has now finally been exploded. Noel is intensely honest, and his one anathema is people who drink too much or, indeed, do anything to excess. His chief asset in laughter-making is neither his wit nor his psychology. He gets his laughs through his unerring sense of the theatre. He will break every recognized rule, and recover himself with superb impertinence. This is only excusable because he is always successful, and what is more, knows in advance that he will be. In two of his comedies—the breakfast scene in *Hay Fever* and the breakfast scene in *Private Lives*—he has written virtually the same scene. Yet I do not think that hitherto anyone has pointed out the fact.

"AND LAUGHTER HO

As he is away in South America I was unable to have a special conversation with him in connection with this article. But I was able to get hold of Ronald Jeans in his flat in the Charing Cross Road. Ronald Jeans comes of a family of Liverpool journalists. Printer's ink has been in his blood for three generations. He has dark brown eyes and dark horn spectacles, and many of his closest friends consider that he is a trifle inhuman. Ronald Jeans is one of the only four men in the country who can write good revue sketches—he has made as much as £1,000 out of an eight-minute sketch—but like many humorists he is afraid of getting stereotyped, and is now launching out into plays like *Can the Leopard?* at the Haymarket. He is also doing this, he told me, because a revue sketch has to survive ill-treatment at the hands of everybody. "I am tired of cutting the cloth to fit the artiste," he went on. "It is so difficult to compel people with distinct limitations to be cleverer and funnier than they really are."

MR. ARTHUR WIMPERIS, who after an eclipse is now staging a "come-back"

Ronald Jeans then told me the sort of money earned by men in his profession. In the case of revues and musical comedies, the author of the book is paid between 1 and 3 per cent. of the gross takings, according to his reputation; whereas in the case of a straight play the author may, on a sliding scale, go up to as much as 15 per cent. For interpolated sketches the author may get a cash sum down of from £10 to £100. If he is an author of repute, he will expect and obtain a weekly fee for a sketch up to as much as ten guineas a week. The writer of the lyrics of a revue usually gets half what the writer of the book of the revue is paid. Interpolated lyrics are sometimes not paid for at all. The author looks for his reward from the sale of the music and the gramophone records. But it is not infrequent that £25 to £50 is paid for an individual lyric.

MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE, who delineates lower class types to perfection

Ronald Jeans always writes in the morning—and seldom afterwards. He cannot deliberately induce a frame of mind in which he can write amusingly, but finds, if he works continuously, that ideas breed ideas. Tom Webster is the same. Ronald Jeans seldom

The Great Humorists of the World — Literary, Artistic, and Theatrical — are Shown to be as Diverse in Personality and Temperament as are their Types of Humour and their Methods of Creating It

ES GRAVES

laughs. Like A. P. Herbert he enjoys writing seriously, but the public won't let him. "Drama," he said, "is so much easier than comedy. Writing high comedy is just like being a high-wire artist. If you lean on one side you fall into farce. If you lean on the other you become dull. To strike the happy balance is an awful strain. My idea of selling laughs is to provide an ordinary line in an extraordinary situation. You should not have to go out of your way to be funny. What you need is a sense of situation. You must be funny in depicting every-day experiences which might occur to anyone in your audience. Thus you can get healthy laughter from an episode in connection with a wireless set. Naturally, I like to put a sting into the tail of a sketch, but being merely sparkling and cynical is a most uncertain way of getting your laughs."

NG BOTH HIS SIDES"

As the author of *Buzz Buzz*, *Clowns in Clover*, *The House that Jack Built*, and *One dam' thing after another*, Mr. Jeans knows his audiences as well as anybody, and is even able to discriminate between the kinds of people who come on different days of the week. Thus, Monday's audience in his opinion is invariably sticky. Wednesday's is the most receptive. Saturday's would be, but it is so full, presumably, of fresh air, that it is very sluggish at the start. Thursday's is the smartest and most sophisticated, and laughs where none of the other audiences will. Tuesday's are very discriminating, but Friday's is good and colourless. First night audiences of course are entirely different from any succeeding one.

Incidentally, Mr. Jeans has a bone to pick with the critics. "Some of them," he said, "are such idiots about the technique of wit. They do not realize that if there are too many laughs in a given space of time, the author defeats his own object. Spacing your laughs is most important. After a big laugh the audience wants three or four lines to recover, and so if you followed it immediately with one which should be just as big, you will not get it. Apart from this, if you are an old hand at the game and do not get the laugh where you expect it, the absence is more likely to be due to the line before the line which should have got the laugh, than the laugh-line itself. For if someone coughs loudly on the preceding line, it will kill the laugh-line; whereas, if you hear the preceding line, even a loud cough in the actual laugh-line will not stop your laugh. For the audience's attention is straining to catch the laugh, and they do not miss it. Usually, by the way, people who are about to cough in the laugh-line manage to hold it in until the line has been spoken."

MR. BOBBY HOWES, whose humour, like that of Chaplin, is founded on pathos

MISS BEATRICE LILLIE, whose forte is wit and the possession of an inimitable personality

Incidentally, Mr. Jeans never laughs at farce, because farce is incredible comedy, and he insists that a situation must be plausible if it is going to amuse him. He is thus in exact contrast to Ben Travers, who has made fortunes out of farces in the past few years. Ben Travers is of medium height and looks like the secretary to a company. His one craze is cricket—and Test matches in particular. When the M.C.C. last went to Australia Ben Travers went with them and saw every ball bowled and every run scored throughout the tour. Ben Travers is above all a craftsman, building his laughs round the personalities of his team of puppets—Ralph Lynn, Tom Walls, Winifred Shotter, and the rest of the brilliant Aldwych company. When his first play, *The Dippers*, was produced in London I am told that only the names of two of his subsidiary characters remained when the show was finally presented. Undeterred by this, and learning rapidly from the actors and actresses themselves, he has reached a stage when his farces are foolproof—always as a result of long confabulations with his chief actors, before a line is written.

Arthur Wimperis sets a high regard on social distinctions, and may be described as "the man who came back." At the end of the War he was a great figure in the entertainment world. He then rather faded out. Wimperis is a super-punster. They say that his stuff reads even better than it sounds, but now I gather he is back into his old form, and may be expected to repeat all his War-time successes.

To speak generally about authors of plays, one may disclose the secret that most of them have gag-books—that is to say, books in which they unblushingly write down anything they have heard on the stage or in private, or have read in the comic papers. But, as I say, only Noel Coward has a rhyming dictionary.

MR. SYDNEY HOWARD, whose slow humour proves such a diverting foil to Mr. Henson

And now for the actors and actresses who put the laughs over. Cicely Courtneidge represents the lower and middle classes in uncomfortable situations. Her art of getting laughs is a highly developed technique, and she is at her best when depicting a middle-class woman embarking on an adventure, and who, although half-frightened, will be stopped by nothing from going through with it. You remember Harry Wall's sketch of the English tourist in the low French café? Well, that is Miss Courtneidge at her best. Her timing is brilliant. Timing is the acquisition of an instinct, or rather of a sense of the audience. It is like the schoolteacher's gift of knowing how to get little Gertie to learn her lesson most easily. It is made simpler of course for the actor or actress if the stage manager also times his "black-out" at the end of the revue sketch with similar exactitude. He should always catch a laugh on the growth—but not too quickly. The right moment, in fact, is when the audience has the feeling that it must applaud, and those who have the feeling most are just beginning to do so.

MR. LESLIE HENSON, who carries the high spirits he creates into private life

Miss Courtneidge is unique because she has *made* herself appear funny. She had not the natural wit of a Beatrice Lillie, but through working at being funny she has become so, naturally. When she started she was always being accused of imitating Miss Lillie. But this she could not have done, because Miss Lillie has an intangible and inimitable quality that Miss Courtneidge would have been too clever to try to emulate, although their best characterizations are based on the same type of person. In the United States, Miss Lillie is considered a great beauty, and gets as much laughter without the aid of make-up as with it. Indeed, the Americans resent her make-up; whereas in England the critics rather implied after her last show that she was so busy being good-looking that she was not funny.

Because they know this propensity, most stage actresses postpone their efforts at being funny until they can no longer be considered beautiful. Besides, the average actress prefers to be paid £30 a week to look beautiful rather than £250 a week to be laughed at—which is what Miss Courtneidge gets. The average woman who gets laughter in this country is well over forty. Maisie Gay, Lilly Morris, Nellie Wallace are none of them in their first flush of girlhood, the only great laughter-maker who still clings to her youth being Florrie Ford.

Bobby Howes is, next to Chaplin, the finest example of the old axiom that the best humour is full of pathos. But while Chaplin's pathos is universal, that of Bobby Howes appeals mostly to women. Young women think him "sweet." Middle-aged women call him "such a nice boy," and old women profess (one trusts accurately) a maternal feeling for him and his whimsical charm. The best performance he ever gave was in *6 Cylinder Love*, and before the slump in stars' salaries he was earning £400 a week at Drury Lane.

MR. HARRY TATE, who is adjudged by humorists to be the funniest man in the world

MR. P. G. WODEHOUSE, whose humour is so supreme that he has created types

Bobby Howes was telling me the other day that it takes him at least a fortnight to work up his part, and that he always tries out a new gag on matinée audiences as a test of whether it is funny or not. He thinks that the laughter from the heart is better than the whoop of laughter which is known on the stage as a belly-laugh. Bobby Howes, unlike the great comedians of the past, such as Dan Leno, is never melancholy. He enjoys life every minute of the day or night.

When you get a successful pair of comedians like Sydney Howard and Leslie Henson, the laughter-getting is always done in the same way. That is to say, one of the pair is quick and snappy, while the other is slow and deliberate, and always gets the most laughs. Examples are Moran and Mack (the Two Black Crows), and Laurel and Hardy. In the past, Leslie Henson has always had people "feed" him. In *It's a Girl*, he most self-sacrificingly feeds Sydney Howard. Henson off the stage is nearly always in high spirits, except when he plays golf. Howard is always invariably solemn.

And so we come to Harry Tate, whom all the experts of laughter consider the funniest man on the stage. The secret of his laughter-getting is that it is the opposite to the general rule. Instead of being the man who is embarrassed by awkward situations, he treats every absurd situation as though it were quite ordinary. And, moreover, he has all the little habits which we notice in our friends—if not in ourselves. Thus if he is talking to someone, and something is happening elsewhere at the same time, he tries desperately to listen to both conversations.

He hates obvious jokes. If he is made to say them, he mumbles them deliberately so that the audience will not hear them. Above all, he is the supreme master of the laugh-value of the anti-climax. His biggest laugh in "Fishing" is when a man says that he (Tate) should be on the top of a barrel organ, and Tate, trying hard to think of a good reply, finally says "And you ought to be on top of a chimney-pot"—and then laughs boisterously to cover the fact that this means nothing at all.

You will have noticed that I have spoken of humorists and more or less ignored people who get laughs through cleverness instead of humour. But I simply have not the space to go into the technique of Binnie Hale, Nelson Keyes, Morris Harvey, and, to a lesser degree, Elsie Randolph. Besides, I have said nothing about the men who make us laugh by writing books. Fortunately—in view of this lack of space—very few names crop up. W. W. Jacobs has written little for years. Nor has Stephen Leacock. Dennis Mackail and A. A. Milne are lesser lights.

You are left, therefore, with that supreme master of laughter, P. G. Wodehouse, who is said to earn between £30,000 and £50,000 a year. I know "Plum" best of all the great humorists. He is courteous, benevolent, but easily upset by quite simple things like getting through the Customs. He is the only humorous author alive who is great enough to have created types. Think of Bertie Wooster, Freddie Threepwood, Lord Emsworth, and the inimitable Jeeves. "Plum" has told me that he spends longer over the first 500 words of a humorous novel than he does over the rest of the book put together.

Occasionally I have been able to give him new ridiculous slang-phrases like "to beetle off." But usually he induces his humour all by himself. He has been doing it all this Christmas and the New Year, for he has a new novel to write. He goes off to Droitwich, sits in the shallow end of the warm salt-water-baths, with his knees up to his chin, and then rocks gently too and fro like an amiable porpoise for hours at a time. There we will leave him—thinking out new adventures for that "Stoup of prussic," young Bingo Little—the most delightful, most modest, and highest-paid laughter-getter in the whole world.

d

AMERICAN JUS

The Remarkable Court Proce

JUSTICE WITHOUT DIGNITY: The scene in the court-room at Mount Sterling, Kentucky, during a murder trial. The accused sits with bowed head at the table on the left surrounded by his wife and children to stimulate sympathy. The victim's relatives occupy positions in the centre. The jury in curiously casual attitudes are ranked on the right. The circuit judge rests his head on his hand, while the son of the accused, in grey trousers, sits on the judge's left

ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE: Professor Elsha left. The hats littering the attorneys' table trial took place in Hampton, Virginia, but the

THE ACCUSED *EN FAMILLE* IN aged 5; Loretta, aged 9; Gilb deputy sheriff during a mountain developed a gre

BÊTE HUMAINE: Harry F. Powers, who was found guilty of the murder of two women and three children at Clarksburg. Christened the West Virginia Bluebeard, Powers stood his trial at the local opera house

EAST GOES WEST: Mayor Walker of New York, the "best-dressed" man in America, was engaged to plead with the Governor of California in San Francisco for the pardon of one Mooney, sentenced for life for bombing a parade

To those who are accustomed only British justice, the judicial pro whose law is based so largely on our of a shock. No scarlet robes o er of bewigged counsel, no decorum ar terizes the courts in the land of I coincidence, legal processes ar no contrary, the atmosphere is one of c robes akin to those worn by Pasby even the District Attorney, wh tak the Crown—wear ordinary lounge su

In place of the usher, whose " Silence in Court " is such a featur siding judge is supplied with an a gavel, with which he strikes his desk participants or the audience to i the lawyers—for there is not visio tween solicitor and barrister, a sar functions—is infinitely more fra m on this side of the Atlantic. The far more common, the latitude once greater in America, with the result th often fraught with drama, a simila likely to be characterized by modra

The American play imported to few years ago, *The Trial of Mary D* not travelled in the new world in

STICE in CAP and BELLS

ocedure which Deals with U.S. Criminals when they are Captured

sha Kent Kane surrounded with his legal advisers in court. The accused is the second figure from the ble strike a note anachronistic to British eyes. Professor Kane was accused of drowning his wife. The the lack of formality and ceremonial is characteristic of all judicial procedure throughout the United States

E IN COURT: W. B. Jones with Mrs. Jones and his family—Ralph, aged 12; Elmer, aged 18; Amade, ; Gilbert, aged 16; and George, aged 3. Jones, a union secretary, was accused of the murder of a ountain feud in Kentucky, notoriously one of the most backward of States. The trial at Mount Sterling d a great deal of tension among the four factions of vendetta-loving mountaineers involved

JUDGE AND PROSECUTOR IN ONE: Judge Francis Borrelli of Chicago, who disguised himself and for a month mingled with the criminals of Death Valley, Chicago. Owing to his work a large gang was broken up

THE MURDER PARTY: Refreshments are obtainable in court—of which spectators take full advantage in order not to lose their front-row seats—an amazing vignette from the Kane murder trial

COVERED IN COURT: A convicted murderer, Francis Crowley, whose *soubriquet* is "Two-Gun," keeps his hat on as he comes from the death-cell into court to try to acquit, at his own expense, a man who bears a resemblance to him, of a robbery charge

ed only to the majestic processes of cial procedure of the United States, our own, will come as something s, no ermine, no bouquet, no array rm and measured dignity charac- nd of hustle where, by an ironical an notoriously dilatory. On the e of casualty. The judge wears sbyterian clergy, but counsel— ho takes the place of Leader for ne suits with soft collars.

se sonorous voice proclaiming a feature of British trials, the pre- h an auctioneer's hammer, termed his desk when the attention of the e to be arrested. The appeal of ision in American practice be- r, the same individual fulfilling both fro man to man than is the case . The brow-beating of witnesses is nde conceded to all concerned is far esult that while an English trial is a milar event in the States is more melodrama with lapses into farce.

orted to London with great success a y Dugan gave those who have rld an inkling of the procedure, but that represented a *cause célèbre* in New York where the atmosphere is more European than in more remote quarters. In such States as Kentucky or West Virginia, the trials are productive of even more anomalous happenings. When the jury retires, for example, cigarettes are lit and smoked in court; spectators send out for refreshments during the progress of the trial itself; and the impassioned speech for the defence may be punctuated with the crunch of pop-corn, or the gurgle of ice-cream sodas.

There has been of late years a growing tendency to regard the trial of any famous criminal, more especially when he (or she) be charged with a capital offence, as an entertainment—a tendency which has provoked justly acid comments from the Bench; but this habit of mind has attained its most morbid and regrettable manifestation in America. There is no case of murder, no matter how pathological its cause, no matter how revolting its details, that does not attract a large audience in America.

The behaviour of the protagonists lacks the urbanity and the restraint traditionally associated in British minds with the administration of the law. Witnesses have been known to enter an American court of justice (which may be held in any building large enough to house those immediately implicated and still give room to those desirous of watching the progress of the trial) with their hats on. Counsel litter the table on which they keep their necessary papers with their out-door *impedimenta*. The general air is of democracy, not in the sense of every one being equal in the eyes of the law, but rather in the sense of the law contending on equal grounds with those arraigned before it.

BOOKS—

The Grusinskaya-Pavlova Controversy: Libel in Literature: The Muse of A. P. Herbert: A Housing Problem of the Bookshelf

By CECIL ROBERTS

Miss Vicki Baum, the authoress of that world-wide best-seller *Grand Hotel*, has once again denied that the character of the *ballerina* so wonderfully portrayed in her novel was modelled upon Pavlova. I cannot help wondering why Miss Baum should go to such trouble to contradict the charge. She has suggested that the original was an unnamed but famous Continental dancer. The lovers of ballet are agreed that the portrait of the heroine might well stand for that of Pavlova, and in Chicago, where *Grand Hotel* is now being played, all the Pavlova "fans" are loudly applauding the play.

Miss Vicki Baum's denial raises the question whether authors can be quite sure about the sources of their originals. Whenever I have been charged with drawing a character from life I have been careful to say nothing, and have simply smiled. In the first place, many people are delighted to find themselves in print, and their fury is often an assumed cloak to their pleasure. I can recall a certain friend of mine who spent a busy month exclaiming to mutual friends that I had had the effrontery to put him into a book. If he had not revealed the fact no one would have identified him with my creation, which certainly was not flattering.

I do not think authors are ever intentionally guilty of using their friends for copy, but they make composite portraits and unconsciously select the foibles or distinguishing mannerisms. When I first read *Grand Hotel*, the name of Pavlova instantly came to mind, but had Pavlova lived to read the novel I do not think she would have identified herself with the heroine until half-a-dozen friends had assured her she had been libelled. Then the fun would have begun, if it can be called fun for an author to be faced with an irate lady declaring she has been made the victim, albeit the heroine, of a literary *liaison*.

This identification, allied with the threat of a libel action, has always been one of the terrors of the writing profession. In America the way of the author is a perilous one. I was assured by an American novelist that in Washington there are professional "searchers." These creatures are employed by disreputable lawyers to find names in new novels, and then search through the public directories for similar names. One morning Mr. Cutaneous B. Corn is informed by the lawyers that he has been grossly libelled in Miss Lydia Scribble's new novel, *The Cat Out of the Reticule*. He is invited to call, and if he is as dishonest as the employers of the "searchers," a libel action is "framed up" against the unfortunate Miss Scribble and her publishers.

Mr. Corn, who has not read the novel, who has nothing in common with the hero or villain except a name—he may reside in a different country, and be a different colour and age—is prepared to swear that his moral character has been damaged, that his friends have commented on the libel, and that his business has severely suffered as a result. The publishers, well aware of the law's delays as well as its vagaries, always show willingness to settle out of court. Mr. Corn's honour is satisfied by a cash payment.

I am happy to confess that, so far, I have not been "searched." Once when an ex-convict offered to supply me with details of his detention, quite sure that I could make a stirring story out of his experience, I was suspicious, and reluctantly declined his attractive material. Some novels that have made their authors have also nearly unmade them. *The Street of Adventure* is still the most famous and best story of life in Fleet Street, but it brought an avalanche of libel actions down upon its author's young head.

Miss Baum, of course, need have no fear of a libel action. You cannot libel the dead. If Anna Pavlova was not the original of Miss Baum's novel I am somewhat regretful. I would like to think that one who gave us so much romance on the stage enjoyed a little of it off the stage, even though it took the form of a visit from a cat-burglar who came to steal and remained to kiss.

SIR J. M. BARRIE, who has added a new figure to literature in *Miss Julie Logan*, the heroine, defined as a "stalk of loveliness," of the story published as a Christmas attraction by *The Times*

Our dramatists grow bolder day by day. Recently Mr. Coward gave himself away, for seven and sixpence, to make a brighter Nowell, and published some songs and lyrics from various revues. They appeared to be the most terrible rubbish. Mr. Coward was quite aware of the effect on the reader, but he wished to show, and succeeded in showing, that the writing of successful rubbish requires intelligence and experience. Now, along comes Mr. A. P. Herbert, also pretending to give the game away. He has written a comic opera, in three acts, *Derby Day* (Methuen and Co.), and for the very modest sum of 2s. 6d. reveals how he proposes to have a success as great as *Tantivy Towers*. It happens that there are two Mr. Herberts. One makes me laugh and the other makes me sad. The other day, young Vivian Ellis sang to me his setting of "Jane's Song" from *The Water Gipsies*, in the cinema version of that novel. Mr. Herbert, the lyric poet, then emerged. At the very opening of this new opera we encounter the Herbert who wears the mantle of Pope. He handles the couplet with the same neat grace and wit.

After that, Mr. Herbert goes not to the dogs but to the gee-gees. We may regret the loss of Herbert wearing the bays even after discovering Herbert wearing the motley. He seems too good for this sorry fooling around a public-house. And yet one must admit he plays the potman with gusto, and a truth to character that is almost Chaucerian. The lyrics are seldom above the pantomime level, but that is because Mr. Herbert knows his business so well. I have no doubt that when Rose sings—

> I want to be a lady,
> I want to be in love,
> With fifty footmen under me
> And tropical stars above,

both the gallery and the stalls will be moved by Rose's plea.

But this is taking Mr. Herbert at his worst, which is, perhaps, pantomimically-speaking, his theatrical best. There are other moments, probably bad in the theatre, when he gives the reader sheer delight with the neatness of his muse—

> The boy with virtuous parents is a most unlucky lad,
> For by the laws of average he almost must be bad;
> The miser's child invariably lives beyond his means,
> While Pentonville is crowded with the younger sons of Deans.

And to how many of this luckless tribe we might grant the epitaph asked for by Eddy—

> So grave upon my tomb, I beg, this melancholy verse,
> "He might have been much better if his parents had been worse."

There has been a housing problem on my bookshelves and I have been taking a census of this overcrowded population with a view to selecting emigrants. But there are certain books that I find impossible to evict. For years I have had the habit of inscribing the date and place on the flyleaf of a book when I have acquired it. I find, for instance, that exactly one year ago, according to an inscription in a copy of *Matorni's Vineyard* given to me by its author, that I "sat with Oppenheim on the terrace of his villa at Cagnes-sur-Mer, in sunshine, in the company of two dogs and a loose parrot."

Now, as I turn up this inscription, I look out on a sky as blue as that Mediterranean one, but on hills that are white with snow. What ages ago that luncheon now seems! This flyleaf inscription of mine marks the passing of an epoch as well as a most delightful luncheon at a villa flooded with sunshine.

Then, as I selected for eviction a copy of *Nella citta dell' amore*, which, needless to say, deals with Venice, I found on the flyleaf "July 27, 1926. Read in a gondola moored off San Michele." The heat and beauty of that July day on the shimmering lagoon come back to me at once. So back into its place goes *Nella citta dell' amore*.

No, not into its place, but into a more honoured rank, on the same level as a copy of *Nostromo* which, in turn, takes me back to a November evening in 1917, to a small ground-floor flat on the Marylebone Road. I was called back just as I was leaving, after one of the pleasantest evenings of my life. My host had asked me for a book, which I had promised to send, and after I had waited in the little hall at his request, he came out again and pressed something into my hand. When I got home I saw that it was a copy of his favourite creation, *Nostromo*, signed in his own big, bold handwriting.

GIRLS TOGETHER: Harriet endeavours to sell some old clothes to Daphne and Norma to raise the wind for her proposed elopement with Nicholas

A SKIN-DEEP REFORMATION: Harriet, having incensed Richard, whom she has married, with her casualty, affects to turn over a new leaf and poses as "efficient"

WAITING: Harriet, jealous of Richard's attentions to Daphne, summons the twice discarded Nicholas—but is in turn discarded by him

"CAN THE

The newest vehicle (at the Haymarket) to exploit the versatility of Miss Gertrude Lawrence deals with a harum-scarum young woman who marries a methodical young

A ROSE BETWEEN TWO THORNS: Harriet introduces Nicholas, her Chelsea admirer, to Richard, the efficient architect to whom she has let her flat

THE START OF A TIFF: Richard is infuriated that Harriet (a) will not use the electric tongs he has bought her; (b) has omitted to order any dinner

INEFFICIENCY PAYS: Daphne exploits the charm of helplessness on Richard who has complained bitterly of his wife's (Harriet's) inefficiency

LEOPARD . . . ?"

man. Her efforts to reform from hopeless untidiness end in her nearly losing the love of her husband—but her relapse into her old bad habits ensures a happy ending

—PLAYS

Pantomime in London: "Hold My Hand" at the Gaiety: "The Gay Adventure" at the Whitehall

By PHILIP PAGE

Is there such a thing as the holiday spirit in the cinema? I doubt it. The holiday spirit in any place of entertainment is not necessarily an asset, though the majority would consider it as such, properly managed and not overdone. The Elect folk who laboriously affect to despise what the majority prefer, who declare that they loathe Christmas, children, parties, plum pudding, the Olympia Circus, the novels of Dickens, bank holidays, Hampstead Heath, George Robey, and guffaws of laughter, must be unhappy in the theatre these few weeks. There are spots to which, theatrically speaking, they could be advised to go. But these are not easy to find—a fact which may afford the Elect much the same type of pleasurable thrill that I gain from the mere appearance of a comedian of accepted repute—particularly if January be still fairly young. For there is truth as well as a snarl in Gilbert's remark that the labelled jester has only to say, "Pass the mustard," to set the table in a roar. That label is not easily earned, and anyone who doubts this had better try saying "Pass the mustard" at every dinner-party he attends between now and the Ides of March—and wait for the laugh.

The holiday spirit is in itself the spirit of unsophistication. A touch of subtlety and of any appearance of cleverness, and the bloom is gone. Heaven knows, the cinema may be crude enough (and usually is); but it is crude in the wrong way. Hollywood could be relied upon to put Sex into the comic baron, the dame, and the

"CAN THE LEOPARD . . . ?"

Norma Wade	Joan Swinstead
Daphne Hibberd	Kay Hammond
Harriet Noble	Gertrude Lawrence
Richard Belfry	Ian Hunter
Nicholas Waterlow	Kim Peacock
Graves	Kathleen Harrison
Simpson	Whitmore Humphreys

broker's men, and to make *Peter Pan* a riot of Body Urge. Nor is this a form of simplicity I pretend to despise. But I do not want it just now, and as an attempt at carnival it would be lamentable. The very perfunctory affection which, for instance, Aladdin exhibits towards Widow Twankey, suits admirably the British pantomime and the season of the year in which it is produced. A film magnate would as likely as not show us the Widow grey-haired and pathetic, and Aladdin played by a small boy with long hair and a salary six times that of any Prime Minister. He would advertise the result as a "Triumph of Mother-love which will set the Heart-strings of the world a-throbbing with every moment of its Golden Artistry." No; give me the slap-stick stuff, the glowing nose, and the songs about tripe and kippers. Give me the ludicrous sentimentality of the scenes between Cinderella and Prince Charming. Give me tights, whether they enclose nobbly knees or thighs that "swell in richest undulation." Indeed, such things have been given, and in plenty.

For an institution alleged to be moribund, the London stage is remarkably lively. Nearly a fortnight was occupied with a new production a night, and almost every play with any claim to seasonable revival has been revived, with the exception of *Charley's Aunt* and *The Private Secretary*. I do not propose to go again into the intricacies of *Where the Rainbow Ends*, *The Windmill Man* and *Peter Pan*, or to do aught with the indefatigable whimsicality of Mr. A. A. Milne, save to bow down to its golden success and to envy those nice clean kiddies and nice expensive "nannies" and pukka sahibs who smoke the philosophic pipe. But let us turn for a moment to two of London's pantomines. In one shines, at the pinnacle of his Jackleydom, Mr. George Jackley, in the other is the wistful grace of Miss Dorothy Dickson.

I remember, as a schoolboy, Henry Irving at the Lyceum. At the Lyceum I enjoy, in wise maturity, George Jackley. I will not push the impious comparison further than to remark that I can hear the latter better. What a voice! Mr. Jackley is the least subtle comedian I know, which is the right tack for the Lyceum at pantomime time. Yet it is possible to shout, and shout, and shout, and be a villainously unfunny person. This tall, large-mouthed, white-faced grotesque is herocially funny. Backed up by nimble and impudent ants in the persons of Messrs. Naughton and Gold, he is irresistible, so the humour of *Cinderella* is well to the fore, which is precisely where it is wanted. To describe what this trio do would be as useless as attempting a chemical analysis of a *soufflé* and as difficult. But a shot at funniments on the part of a betighted lady (not the principal boy) was a depressing episode which has, one hopes, been deleted. The Lyceum has a handsome Prince Charming, who sings quite a lot and not very well. It has, too, in Miss Constance Carpenter, a principal girl who is a most graceful dancer; she does not dance a lot by any means. Perhaps this is part of the traditional topsy-turveydom of pantomime. Miss Carpenter has a prettily appealing way with her, and tucked away behind her tresses and distresses as Cinderella, I suspect a sense of humour.

MISS EILEEN BRANCH, a rising young actress, whose performance in *Britannia of Billingsgate* was a distinct success

The Lyceum ballet method is to fill the stage with as many people as possible and to make them twirl about for a very long time. It is a method I like—in December and January.

Dick Whittington at the Garrick is, necessarily, on a smaller scale. The performance I saw was also on a somewhat less efficient scale, since there were delays and scenic hitches. But it is a pretty little show on the whole, and it keeps to the story in a way that will appeal to the children. The children will, presumably, also like Miss Dorothy Dickson as Dick, and it is as certain as the rising of the sun to-morrow that an army corps or so of adult males will. This is, I am told, Miss Dickson's first pantomime, and she has never done anything better. Here is no Dick Whittington who would ever be Lord Mayor of London, turn he never so wisely. Yet what a strange dream to imagine Miss Dickson, with a fur robe and a sort of wine-waiter's chain, orating at the Guildhall on November 9, with the Prime Minister on one side and the French Ambassador on the other! I veritably believe that Miss Dickson could at the Mansion House police court pronounce a sentence of one month's hard for loitering with intent and send the prisoner to the cells a blithered admirer.

From which flight of fancy it may be gathered that Miss Dorothy Dickson is a success.

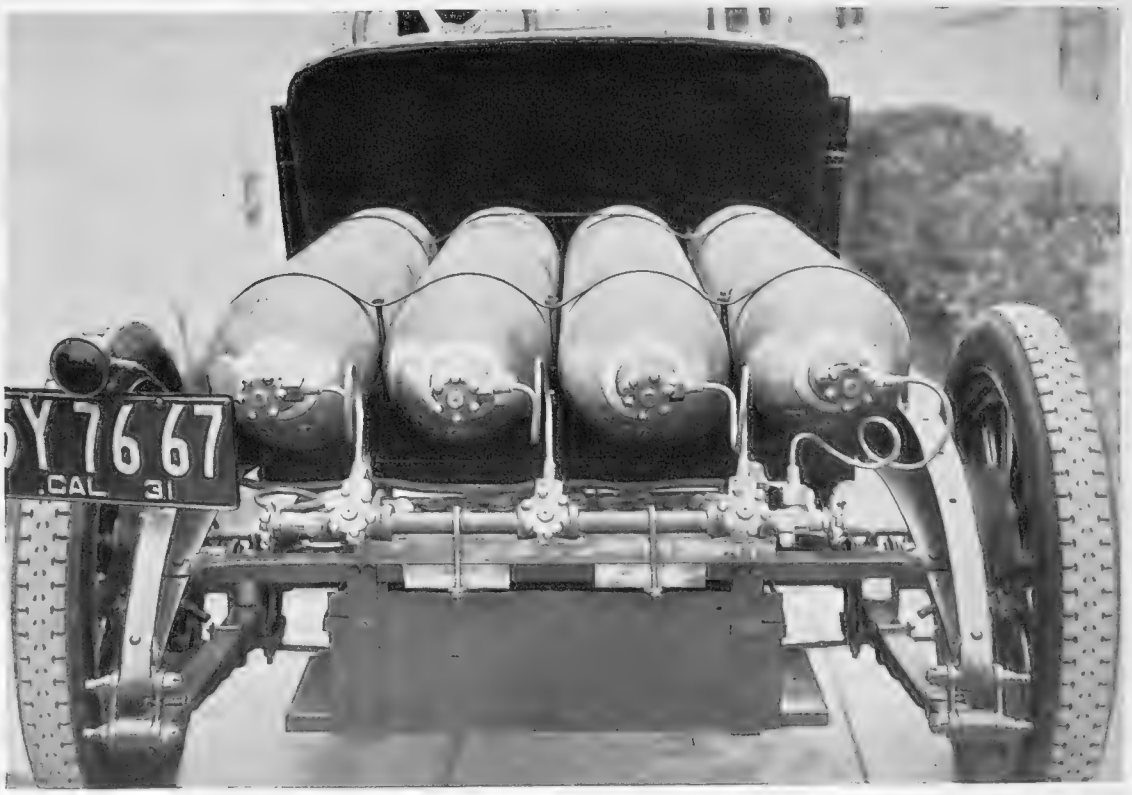
Miss Dickson, aside from all this, is clever. Miss Jessie Matthews, now the leading lady at the Gaiety, is also clever, packed full of intelligence, energy, and ambition. When you watch Miss Dickson you do not think of her cleverness. When, however, you watch Miss Matthews you can hear her brain working, which, considering the amount of imbecility nowdays on the business side of the footlights is a point for which to be thankful. But it is not wholly an advantage. For it brings with it the impression that one is displaying all one's goods in the shop-window. Fortunately Miss Matthews has many goods to display and in *Hold my Hand* is given unlimited opportunity, since no musical-comedy leading lady has ever so emphatically "led." Yet a touch of reticence would give her an easier time of it and would not diminish the undoubted success of her feat.

For the rest, *Hold my Hand* is a boisterously amusing musical comedy with a rollicking part for Mr. Stanley Lupino, useful aid by Mr. Sonnie Hale, and every prospect of a run well into the summer and possibly beyond it.

No actor could have made a more welcome return to the West-end than Mr. Seymour Hicks. He knows all there is to know, and the combination of personal charm and immaculate technique carries all before it. Mr. Walter Hackett's *The Gay Adventure* is not a great play. But it is an extremely effective one, and not the least of its virtues is that it not only contains a fine part for the inimitable Miss Marion Lorne but gives Mr. Hicks an opportunity to be debonair, amusing, tragic, and even to fight a realistic duel on the house tops of Paris when Louis XIII was king, Since the play opens with very modern men in dinner jackets, dining in a very modern restaurant, it is obvious *The Gay Adventure* spreads over the centuries a bit. That is because the men are supposed to be reincarnations, as well as actual descendants, of the Three Musketeers. Except that we might have been allowed to take as read most of their seventeenth century adventures, which make Act I a trifle over-complicated, they form the back-bone of a diverting play, loaded with incident and with a nice touch of fantasy. With Miss Lorne and Mr. Hicks as its chief attractions, the Whitehall Theatre is in a strong position. I must not omit mention of good performances by Miss Norah Swinburne and Mr. Eric Maturin.

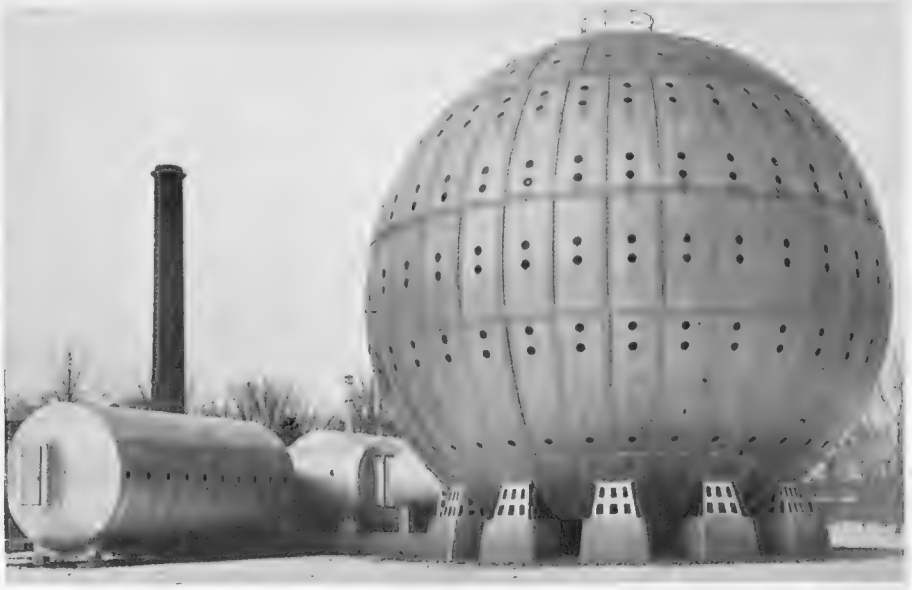
MARVELS of MODERN MECHANICS

A BODY-CONTROLLED CRANE: At the Manchester Ship Canal huge cranes are operated from a drum fastened to the crane-driver, who stands on board the unloading ship



THE FUEL-LESS MOTOR: Compressed air is used as a motive-power for this automobile, recently demonstrated at Los Angeles. A standard chassis equipped with a compressed-air device, was driven at speed through the city streets, and cost not a farthing to the driver for fuel. The inventor, Mr. Roy J. Meyers, who has been working at it for six years, hopes to revolutionize the industry

THE CALORY AUTOMAT: A device in the Deutsches Museum at Munich. You measure your height, indicate your age, and then turn a handle to read how many calories your body needs per day



Ewing Galloway

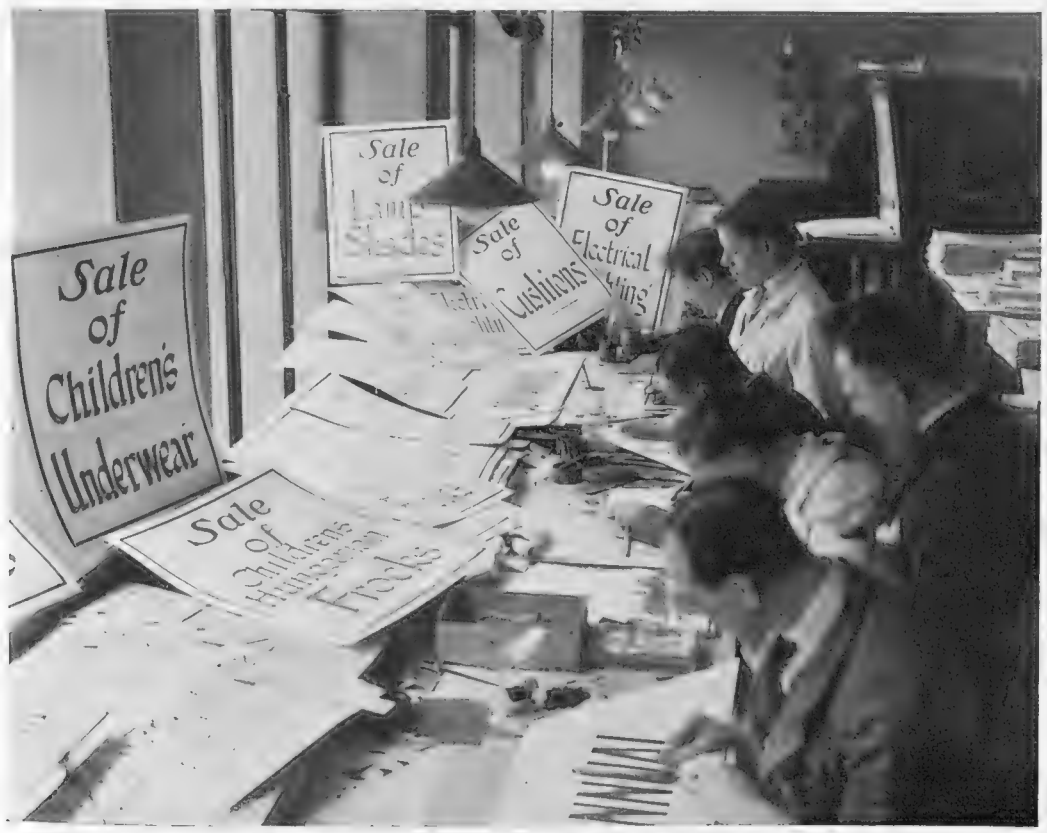
THE SPHERE OF HEALTH: The Cunningham Health Tank, which is 64 ft. in diameter and has five floors. This sphere houses thirty-six patients and cures anæmia, asthma, neuritis, diabetes, and high blood-pressure by oxygen treatment—a picture from Cleveland, Ohio

THE SUN CURE is a famous feature of the therapeutic organization at Aix-les-Bains. A rotating solarium to catch the sun's every ray is employed. It presents an extraordinary outline to the eye as one approaches it up the gentle slope of the hillside on which it is placed. It has an octagonal base on which is placed a rotating superstructure with two long and two short arms, the whole presenting the appearance of a gigantic windmill. The therapeutic sun chambers are located in the two long arms. The actual sun rays are supplemented in the various compartments by electrical ray apparatus. This solarium is the invention of Dr. Jean Saidmann

THE LONDON SALE SEASON

THE IRRESISTIBLE ATTRACTION OF THE SEASON: The shop windows of the West End—and of other districts—act on femininity as magnets to a needle. This season promises to be one in which exceptional bargains are offered, both to men and to women

THE WINTER SALES turn various districts into a maelstrom of humanity. Notable among them is High Street, Kensington, which rivals even such famous popular shopping thoroughfares as Regent Street and Oxford Street in the colossal volume of its crowds



MARKING DOWN: A special staff at a leading London store has been working at high pressure preparing tickets for display. It is a strenuous period of the year for shop-assistants, for no sooner have they recovered from the Christmas rush than the era of sales overwhelms them with work

THE ETERNAL FEMININE: A poignant vignette of London which holds in it drama, pathos, tragedy and comedy, and renders comment somewhat superfluous

Up for Sale: *Eskimo fisherfolk of Labrador, a territory which has been offered to the Government of Canada by the Government of Newfoundland for £20,000,000. A German offer for a ninety-nine year lease on the same terms was incontinently refused. Labrador has vast, but unexploited, natural resources*

The Pacification of Burma: *A body of troops returning from a successful attack on a rebel camp during the recent disturbances in the Hill Country. This necessitated a night march of twelve miles, the last two-and-a-half to three miles being along the bed of a stream which ran from knee to thigh deep*

A Republican in a Royal Coach: *President Alcala Zamora, the first President of Republican Spain, drives to the royal palace in a former royal coach after his election. A public holiday was decreed in Spain in his honour. A special article dealing with the changes in Spain appears on pp. 46 and 47*

Unemployed in the Country that had None: *France, until a few months ago, proudly claimed she had no unemployment problem; to-day, the figure is very large, as this picture of the destitute waiting outside a* soupe populaire *clearly shows. As with America, the huge gold reserves are of no immediate help*

Lady Drummond-Hay writes on

The WORLD at Large

1932.—What will the New Year bring us? This universal reflection might more thoughtfully be rendered "What are we bringing to the New Year?" Courage, hope, faith, humanity and enterprise? Or the apathy of depression and weariness? The times still demand conscious, aggressive effort, even if National and individual necessity relax pressure, which is unlikely.

It is all very well to broadcast at this season the amiable conventionality about the New Year bringing you health, wealth, prosperity and happiness. But why should it, after all? I often wonder why some logical-minded friend has not stopped me these days, with the perfectly justifiable inversion of the old, old wish, "I hope that you will bring the New Year a determination to look after your health, to work well and cheerfully, to cultivate a public and National spirit, perspective, and a sense of humour; to foster happiness in others as much as you can." I can quite see why I should be expected to do that much for myself, my family, friends, country, and the world in general. If we all carried but a fraction of the wish through the New Year, what a different place the world would be! Perhaps this era of amazing evolution in which we are living, will wean us from traditional expectation. I do not mean from hope, anticipation, or the thrill of the unknown with which the 31st of every December introduces every January 1st, but from the passive suggestion of the classical wish. It is out-of-date now. Heirs of the ages, of the war, of economic collapse, of victory and defeat, science, mechanization, enlightenment, blindness, staggering stupidity and noble courage, shall we wait on the New Year for favours or mercy?

"The world is suffering severely from inertia, and from the shackles of dead traditions, which are keeping man from adopting the pioneer spirit that would help him to free himself of his present-day difficulties," Havelock Ellis writes in his latest collection of essays. "The shackles of dead traditions are affecting not only man's spiritual life, but also his industrial, commercial, and political welfare, according to Mr. Ellis, who says that what the world needs most now to galvanize it out of its troubles is the "old heroic spirit of virtue and adventure." It is that feeling which will provide "the strength to control the world."

ADVICE FROM MEXICO.—Nations need a new moral code governing the relations of peoples. "Illusory treaties, which are the flower of International hypocrisy," should gradually be abandoned. The world must break away from the "worn-out custom of holding conferences and congresses, whose best fruits are often exhibitions of rancours, disagreements and weaknesses." The illusion that International relations are based on the mutual confidence of peoples and governments, is false.

The new world, through Genaro Estrada, Mexican Foreign Secretary, urges a new era of diplomacy and International relations. Mexico's need was doubtless Señor Estrada's inspiration. But it is equally interesting to the rest of the world.

Señor Estrada divides International relations into two kinds, ostensible and actual. The first, he said, is interpreted by diplomatic rights and official declarations, and the second is "bound in never-ending manœuvres of Governments, which become known a hundred years afterwards." If this latter policy could be abolished, he claims, the world would be safe.

"I know of no two Governments which have mutual confidence in each other. That is why I deny that International relations can be stabilized on that basis." Amongst the causes of lack of International confidence, the Mexican Foreign Minister cited industrial and commercial competition; use and abuse of armaments; national egotism "transformed into what are represented as indisputable formulas;" the "director rôle" which many governments attribute to themselves without the consent of the nations to whom it is applied; agitation which is "officially produced to impress the masses, and the substitution for the rights of peoples of formulas of quick temporary success, which dissolve before the force of essential reasoning."

AN IMPERIAL PIONEER.—Michael Terry, F.R.G.S., is a chip of the old block of empire-builders. Only thirty-two years old, he has already led nine expeditions prospecting for gold in the interior of Australia during the last ten years, written books of exploration and adventure, mapped unknown areas, supplied museums with rare botanical, zoological, and entomological specimens. Now, he writes me, he has decided to settle in Australia, and devote himself to "gathering knowledge of the interior wherewith to counter the gospel of desert, and by leading prospecting parties, to discover a new magnet in the interior encouraging settlement, and drawing folk away from the great cities of eastern Australia."

Terry sees the "Empty Continent" as a wonderful field of lure and reward. His nonchalant descriptions of the gold prospector's hardships, slow progress, need for infinite patience, risk of starvation, or death from thirst, prompted me to ask him why he does not use aircraft to conquer the vast spaces. "You can only prospect on foot" he declares, "not from the saddle of a horse, the hump of a camel, seat of a truck, or the cockpit of an aeroplane." Aircraft is too costly a means, and the risk of life is overgreat for the pioneer journeys, but invaluable after a find has been made to transport personnel, stores, and equipment. Horses cannot survive in the waterless regions, often the most likely areas. A string of camels and a truck is ideal. From that base the ground within a defined radius is minutely examined on foot with hand-tools, and if unproductive, the camp moves on another four or five miles until the entire selected area has been covered. He admits the dream of discovering a second Kalgoorlie, famous since 1888 for its goldfields, whose output totals about £137,000,000 worth of the precious metal.

THE FRENCH EMPIRE.—Napoleon's vision of a vast French Empire is not only realized but exceeded. The great Corsican's wildest dream has been surpassed. The French Empire to-day, though only one-third as large as the British Empire, with one-quarter the population, is almost as far-flung, and still consolidating, with no signs of disintegration as yet. In promising, as she did this year, certain political and economic concessions to her territories, France offered not the shadow of suggestion of relaxing her firm hold and control. The French Empire remains a very imperial unit.

France's African Empire is a treasure-house in itself, including as it does, agricultural land and mountains rich in phosphates in the North, cattle-raising plains in French Sudan and Chad, almost unexploited resources of timber, rubber and ivory in French Equatorial Africa. Even the arid vastnesses of the Sahara the French are developing with oases, motor-transport, and modern hotels, into an alluring tourist winter-resort, as I have already described in these columns from personal experiences. Of her 70,000,000 colonial populations some 36,000,000, from white Berbers to blue-black Senegalese and Congo natives, people her African possessions. Travelling from France to the Far East on a French steamer serving the tricolor colonies, I had plenty of opportunity of studying a number of her possessions between French Somaliland, whose port Djibuti is practically the only outlet for the commerce of Ethiopia, and French Indo-China of 20,000,000 inhabitants, a land rich in rice culture and silkworms.

Possibly only a few people are aware that France owns one nine-thousandth part of India! She possesses five tiny Indian colonies, Mahe, on the west coast north of Calicut, Karikal, Pondicherry and Yanaon on the east coast, and Chandernagore, north of Calcutta. In the Indian Ocean, France has the Comoro Islands, Réunion, Abd-el-Krim's exile home, and Madagascar, one of the largest islands in the world. Other of her island colonies include the Loyalty Islands, New Caledonia, and smaller groups north-west of Australia. Tahiti, the Marquesas, the Tubuai group, Tuamotu Archipelago, Gambier and Rapa Islands in the Pacific—some 79,500 South Sea colonials, including the new Hebrides governed jointly by the British and the French.

In the Antarctic, France claims the uninhabited islands of St. Paul, Amsterdam, the Crozet Islands, and the Kerguelen Islands. Early this year, the Republic officially took possession of the Kerguelen Islands by sending a warship there. Her new citizens consist of a valuable population of seals, whales, sea elephants and sea leopards.

In the new world, the French Empire includes French Guiana producing diamonds, gold, silver, mercury, tin, and copper, but is most famous, however, for the penal colony on Devil's Island. Guadeloupe and Martinique add half-a-million whites, mulattoes, negroes, and Orientals. Two rocky islands off Newfoundland, St. Pierre, and Miquelon are inhabited by some 4,000 fisherfolk of Breton and Norman stock. Early this year, too, France was awarded Clipperton Rock, an uninhabited island 600 miles off the coast of Mexico.

Syria, the Syrian and Lebanese Republics have been under French mandate since 1923. As in Morocco, the French in Syria have developed communication in the train of Foreign Legion outposts, tenaciously penetrating the interior. Caravan routes are now safe from the Mediterranean coast to Iraq.

THE EQUINE WORLD

MAINLY RUTLAND: Lady Ursula and Lady Isobel Manners, the daughters of the Duke of Rutland, out with the Belvoir—the Duke of Rutland's hounds—when it met at the Kennels, Belvoir Castle

TEMPLE BAR: The Smith and Bosanquet meet at Theobald's Park, Herts, at one of the entrances to which the famous arch, which marked the boundaries of Westminster and the City, spanning the junction of Fleet Street and the Strand, was erected in '88

WELCOME WARMTH: Racing is cold work now, for there have been several days of stern frost. The most popular spots are those on which braziers have been erected—as this scene from Lingfield clearly shows

THE PRINCESS ROYAL: Princess Mary, who was created Princess Royal in the New Year's Honours, out with the Bramham Moor at Raby Park, Cheshire. The former Princess Royal was the King's sister, Princess Louise

INDIA'S JUTE INDUSTRY

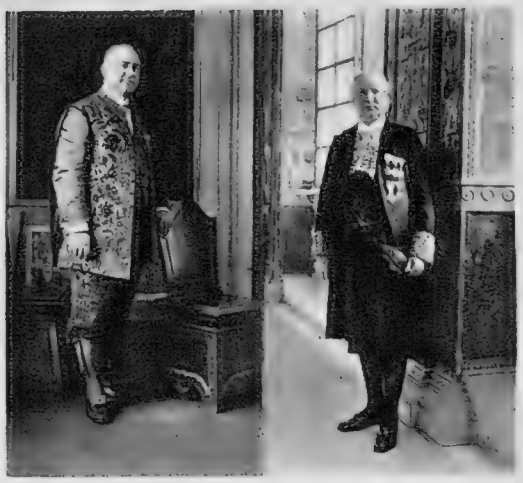
One of the cardinal features of the India *impasse* is the situation that has recently developed in the jute and cotton industries. Many factories have been inaugurated—notable among which is the vast £16,000,000 steel plant of the Tata Company at Jamshadpur—and now one of the main reasons India no longer snaps up Manchester cotton goods and jute from Dundee lies in the fact that she makes her own more cheaply just as well, and with more modern machinery than is used by many British firms

A SOFTENING MACHINE: Oil is applied at this operation and the jute is run through fluted rollers revolving at high speed. This process softens the fibre and gives it "handle"

THE FIRST CARDING MACHINE: The jute is taken from the cylinders seen in the top picture and is drawn from the machine between the front rollers, in front of which stands the hooded worker

INDIAN OPERATORS of a carding machine. This has one large and several small rollers covered with pins which open out the jute and assist in straightening the fibres

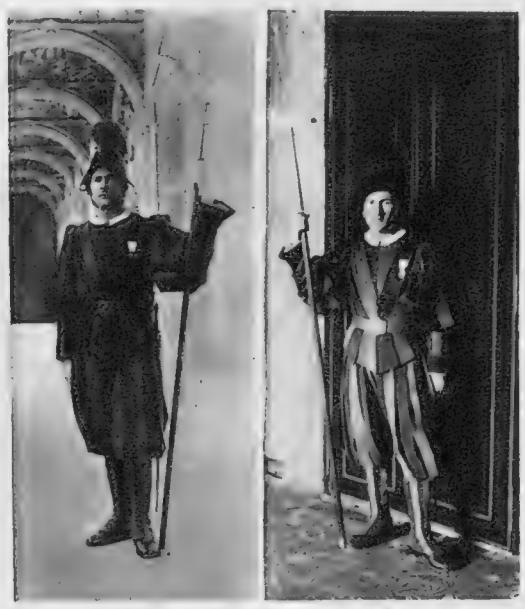
THE POPE'S SERVANTS



PAPAL SERVANTS: On the left is one of the personal attendants and on right the doyen of the papal servants—the *major-domo* who regulates the visitors

THE *GUARDA DEI NOBILI*: An officer and two soldiers of the Guard of Nobles which is recruited from the ranks of the Roman peerage. The corps wears a splendid uniform

THE SWISS GUARD: On left is the Commander of the Corps in full uniform for religious ceremonies; on right an officer of the Swiss Guard. The body has a superb tradition of loyal service



IN THE UNIFORMS OF THE RENAISSANCE: The guard on the left in the uniform designed by Michael Angelo. The guard on the right is standing before the Pope's private room

The Swiss Guard dates from the sixteenth century, when St. Peter's was founded, and they are as famous for a great stand (against Charles V) as were the Swiss Guards of Louis XVI against the mob of Paris. To-day the corps numbers only 85, being reduced from 200

GERMANY'S WORKLESS BUILDERS

Remarkable efforts to make the workless of Germany assist not only themselves but their fellow-sufferers from unemployment have recently been inaugurated. At Werneuchen a settlement has been established by the Ministry of Agriculture. This takes the form of a farming colony and it is being built by skilled unemployed artisans, and will later be inhabited by skilled agriculturist unemployed. At Tegel, which is also near Berlin, a communal kitchen has been set up, following the example of Frankfurt-am-Main

OUT-OF-WORKS BUILD FOR OUT-OF-WORKS: A view of the agricultural settlement now under construction by the unemployed at Werneuchen, near Berlin. Complete farms are being built

PAINTING A FENCE in the new colony subsidized by the Prussian Ministry of Agriculture. In this colony it is hoped not only to employ but to settle unemployed farm-workers

THE COMMUNAL KITCHEN: This has been instituted at Tegel, near Berlin. Unemployed do the cooking, and are paid in meals, while other out-of-works are fed at minimum charges

A REAL POLITICAL FRONTIER ONCE AGAIN

The Great Wall of China, completed 214 years before the opening of the Christian era, and which was built to keep at bay the barbarians from the inhospitable North who periodically raided the fruitful lands of China proper, now faces round and is the line within which the Chinese are to keep. As soon as the Japanese marched on Chinchow the Great Wall took on this new significance. Not that it is in any way effective to this purpose, but as a sign it proves useful to the Japanese until some settlement of the Manchurian question is arrived at.

The Japanese say they wish only to preserve order and their property, the security of which has been disturbed since the Treaty of 1915. The murder of a Japanese officer apparently stirred the military caste and forced the Government to action.

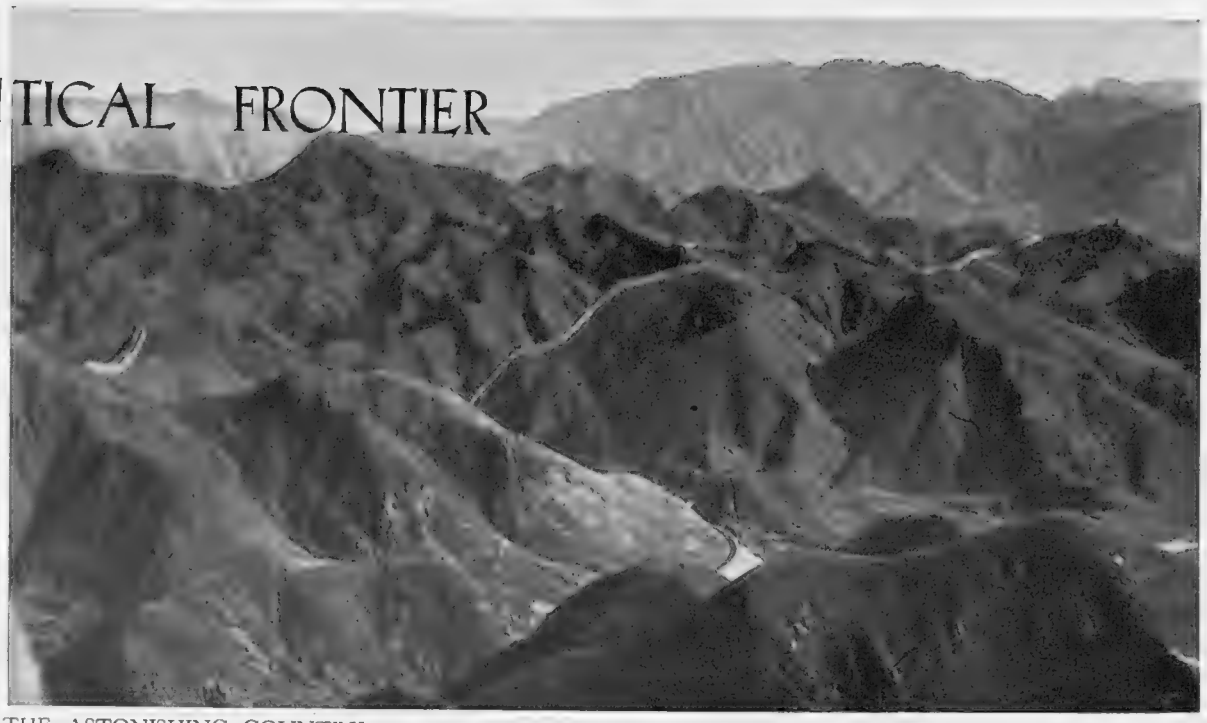
The changings, waverings, and intrigues of the Chinese have favoured the Japanese who, with their opponents back behind the Great Wall, have practically achieved their purpose.

Two hundred and forty-six years before Christ a great Emperor came to the throne of China, Chi-Hwang-Ti, of the Tsin Dynasty. He became known as the "First Emperor" and is historically remembered, not so much for his great reforms and military campaigns as for the fact that he undertook the construction of the Great Wall. Its object was to form a defendable barrier against the hordes of wild people from the inhospitable deserts of the North and North-east. China Proper is so surrounded by mountains and rivers that it forms a fairly easily contained and controllable Empire. Internally the geographical obstacles may be ignored, and especially in reference to that area covering the Yangtze Valley east of the gorges and the basins of the Yellow, Huai, and North Rivers. In the North and North-east rugged mountain ranges cut off China Proper from bare, desert regions, the sources out from which have welled periodic forays on the fertile lands East and South. And it was against these warlike, savage raiders from the barren regions that the Great Wall of China came into being—not only to hold them, but as a base from which to attack them—since in those days the notion that the best defence is attack held good, and the barbarians were harried in their own lands, in Tibet, and more westerly in Sinkiang (Chinese Turkestan), in Mongolia, and in Manchuria.

The wall follows a distinct line of rolling hills which cuts off the northern plateaux and constitutes a well-defined frontier. It is about 1,255 miles long in a straight line, or if one follows its windings, 1,500 miles. Commencing at the Shan-hai Pass (Shanhaikwan (40 deg. lat. 119·50 deg. E. long.)—a place occupied during the Boxer hostilities of 1900, and through which the railway to Manchuria runs—it clings to rocky crags and edges sheer precipices in a wavy line going Westward till it reaches the Kia-yü barrier gate. It is a grand barrier, not to be confused with the wall that tourists to Peking are taken to admire, which is merely a loop of a much later period, encircling parts of Chihla and Shan-si.

To build the Great Wall every third man in the Empire was pressed into service, and half-a-million workers died of starvation alone. The breadth of the wall at the base is about 25 ft., and at the top 15 ft., the height varies from 15 ft. to 30 ft. It is not solid masonry however. There are two strong retaining walls of brick founded in granite, and the space between is filled in with stones and earth. The top was covered with bricks, but is now overgrown. The western portion is not so powerful, that is after the Ho, or Yellow River, is reached, and it should also be mentioned that large parts of the wall were built by local kings many centuries before Chi-Hwang-Ti's reign.

At every hundred yards the wall is fortified by what was once a strong tower.



THE ASTONISHING COUNTRY through which some sections of the Great Wall runs is seen very clearly in this picture. The twisted route it follows pays high tribute to the skill and patience of the early builders, who were formed by one-third of the male population of the Empire of China Proper. Press gangs recruited the labour, which was so scurvily treated that 500,000 workers died of starvation alone

THE PATH which runs between the two walls is seen in this close-up view. The Great Wall presents a sheer face on the Manchurian side, while on the side of China Proper it is for obvious reasons far from formidable

THE TORTUOUS TRACK followed by the Great Wall in its descent of the last ridge of hills before it falls away to the sea is clearly shown in this picture. On the Chinese side it presents a sloping ramp, while on the Manchurian side it is sheer. The plain below has been the scene of many battles, and the rings of mounds are graves

THE LAST HILLS crossed by the Great Wall before it crosses the plain to the sea. The city is Shanhaikwan, divided into Chinese city and Manchurian city by the Wall

THE WALL FALLS TO THE SEA behind the shoulder of the hill in the left-hand corner of the picture. There is sufficient material in this gigantic structure—which runs for 1,500 miles—that its contents would suffice to permit a wall six feet high and two feet thick twice round the Equator

CRUISING SUNWARD

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, routes and fares to intending travellers. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 3d. in stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed THE SPHERE Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

The sea has an irresistible attraction for the Englishman, and there are very few of us who do not go and walk beside it, bathe in it, or sail on it from year to year. Docks and big steamers fill us all with desire to sail away and see other lands and strange people. An ocean cruise therefore appeals to our sense of adventure and yet, in direct contrast to this, offers one of the most restful holidays possible. Cut off from all letters, and with no obligation to disembark at the ports of call, life on a liner offers more opportunities for being thoroughly lazy than anywhere else in the world. And to sail away to summer skies upon a summer sea, leaving the fogs of London far behind, is a wonderful prospect.

Both the Royal Mail and the Cunard Lines are running cruises to Africa and the West Indies this winter. The latter, discovered first of all by Columbus, are full of the romance of the struggle between the English and Spanish adventurers.

MEXICO: Pilgrims (despite anti-Catholic persecution) before the church in Amecameca

Ewing Galloway

PORTUGAL: The monastery of Santa Maria de Victoria (1388) in Batalha, built by an Irishman

Madeira is usually the first port of call on the way to the West Indies, and this enchanting group of islands is a paradise of semi-tropical beauty. Travellers praise the golden splendour of the wide expanses of the gorse and broom in blossom and the marvellous masses of colour, pink, mauve, and brick-dust red, of the flora of the island.

From Madeira one sails across the Atlantic to Barbados, the easternmost of the West Indian Islands. It appears from the sea a belt of grey and green in a world of blue, with lofty palms and plumy casuarinas waving in the brisk air of the "Trades," a favoured island teeming with humanity and interest. It is almost encircled by coral reefs which here and there extend as much as three miles to seaward, and inside which are long lines of sandy beach.

All these West Indian Islands afford a wealth of exquisite scenery; Jamaica, the largest of the British islands, presents a remarkable sight from the sea, the Blue Peak rising sheer 7,400 ft. above sea level; while the Bahamas are low-lying and consist of three thousand islands and coral reefs of all shapes and and sizes, only twenty of which are inhabited.

ALGERIA: The museum at El Kantara, where a French savant collects relics of the Roman occupation

The itineraries of these cruises cover a multitude of ports which are fascinating alike for historic interest and natural beauty, apart from the varying manners and customs of the inhabitants which they present. A cruise of this kind offers sights of the people and places of the West Indies, the Central American Isthmus, and the Panama Canal at Colon, and of the South American mainland at La Guayra the city of "Westward Ho!" with its precipitous country and zig-zag railways. On the return journey come the Cape Verde Islands, Dakar and Casablanca on the African coast, and then Gibraltar and the more familiar, though not less exciting, coast of Spain.

Other cruises go to the Mediterranean and along the northern coast of Africa, which is also a land of sunshine and warmth. The French Line are running North African motor tours, combined rail and car tours, and desert crossings. These can be arranged either in private cars or in motor coaches, and include trips through Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco, the Tiger, the Hoggar, and the Sahara. All the material, mail steamers, cars, desert cars, hotels, camps, and equipment, being owned by one single company, ensure a perfect holiday free from all trouble and hitches. The opportunities which these tours afford for a variety of new interests, new companionships, and a completely new type of environment and scenery should be welcomed by those of adventurous spirit. The vast number of delightful experiences to which they hold the key, the extraordinary thrill to be gained out of the vastest desert in the world with its wonderful oases in the south, the desert that we have learned to know perhaps only in the imagination through our "Beau Gestes" and "Desert Songs," are pleasures which should tempt anyone who has a vival interest in life.

The comfort on board the ships on which all these cruises are taken is as good as that at any land hotel. The amusements available prevent even the most blasé from suffering *ennui*. The service and courtesy one receives render travel a pleasure, while the entire holiday, with its fresh sights, sounds, and atmosphere, renders the taker well able to face anything on his return.

SEVILLE: The Alcazar, the ancient palace of the Moorish Kings, seen from the belfry of Seville Cathedral

BRITISH COLUMBIA

SCENERY: Capilano Creek, a thing of beauty and a source of the water supply to Vancouver

SPORT: Gowichan Bay, north of Victoria, where the big cohoes (salmon) and springs are caught

Never, perhaps, was the call of Empire more insistent than it is to-day. Hitherto it has seemed sufficient for most of us to take our tickets and proceed on our lawful occasions as the merest spectators. The Government of British Columbia, Canada's Pacific Coast province, has quite other views.

Its proposal, launched through its Agent-General in London, the Hon. F. P. Burden, takes the form of inviting a selected party, membership of which is to be open to both sexes, to make a tour of inspection of the province in the early summer of this year as the paying guests of the Government. The idea is not only to place on show British Columbia which, after all, is there for all the world to see, but to show the province as a living, working, and developing entity.

Some idea of the magnitude of this project may be gathered from the fact that it covers 12,000 miles of officially conducted first-class travel, involves the crossing of an ocean and a continent, and embraces a triangle tour of a territory one-tenth the size of Europe. Nothing on a like scale or in such spacious fashion has hitherto been attempted by any overseas government; and when it is remembered that this ambitious programme, with its business-like day-to-day schedule of things to be seen and done, its provision for official receptions, and its full measure of civic entertainment, is to be projected against one of the super-best natural backgrounds in the world, it will be seen that it comprises in itself an exceedingly striking holiday attraction.

The tour is to be carried out in co-operation with the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National railways, and will be under the direction, out and home, of Mr. W. A. McAdam, secretary to the London office of the British Columbia Government. The itinerary covers a period of seven weeks, starting from Liverpool on May 27, and sailing for home from Montreal on July 8. It allows for a generous glimpse of the Dominion as a whole, and incidentally takes in some of the most spectacular scenery on the globe.

TOURISM: Kootenay Lake, Nelson, is one of the great visiting centres of the westernmost province of the Empire

British Columbia is a land of extraordinary physical diversity. Mountainous and heavily timbered, it has nevertheless surprising expanses of open, park-like country, and in particular a number of lovely valleys equable in climate and marvellously fertile, which radiate from the mountain systems like so many outstretched fingers.

Vancouver is the largest city in the province, the third largest in Canada, and the fastest growing port in the world. A four-days' stay is allotted to it. To do a city of 300,000 inhabitants in ninety-six hours calls for some nicety in the management of a time-table, but much may be done by judicious arrangement, and anyway, how else, save by absolute concentration on essentials, may one expect to encompass a territory of 372,630 square miles?

The route is resumed with a daylight voyage across the Gulf of Georgia, through the picturesque archipelago of the Gulf Islands, to Vancouver Island and Victoria, the beautiful capital of the province. Here, with the Empress Hotel for headquarters, a three days' stay is made. Victoria, that "little bit of England on the shores of the Pacific," is a city of indescribable charm. Apart from its Parliament Buildings, Museum, Malahat Mountain Drive, Beaconhill Park, Observatory, and a host of other attractions, it has private gardens which alone are worth crossing a continent to see.

From Victoria the tour is continued up the island to Duncan, centre of a great dairying industry, then to Qualicum Beach, with its waters of Mediterranean warmth and the finest nine-hole golf course on the Pacific coast outside the hotel door, across to Nanaimo and its coal mines, and back by steamer to Vancouver again for the run north to Prince Rupert.

SUBLIMITY: Snake Indian River Falls — an impressive feature of Jasper National Park

The price of the tour has been set down at £177 10s. inclusive of everything except the small item of gratuities on the Atlantic boat. 12,000 miles of inclusive travel under official auspices at a cost of a little over threepence a mile is cheap. To those who have the time and money it offers a unique experience.

Communications should be addressed to the Agent-General for British Columbia, British Columbia House, 1, Regent Street, London, S.W.1, who is now in process of selecting the party.

PORTRAITS

In the French Exhibition

ELISABETH D'AUTRICHE, BY THE SCHOOL OF FRANÇOIS CLOUET: The wife of Charles IX of the St. Bartholomew Massacre infamy. This has been lent by the Louvre

PORTRAIT OF A MAN, BY PHILIPPE DE CHAMPAIGNE: A figure of early Louis XIV period. According to some critics, the subject is believed to be the Minister, Colbert. This has been lent by the Swiss Minister

MARY ANN WALTHAM, BY FRANÇOIS QUESNEL: One of the attendants of the ill-fated Mary Stuart at Fotheringay. Dated 1572 and painted probably in Edinburgh, it has been lent by Earl Spencer

CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU, BY PHILIPPE DE CHAMPAIGNE: A detail of the canvas lent by the King. Seeing this intellectual face, it is easy to believe the tales of Richelieu's astounding genius

THEODORE DE BÈZE, BY CORNEILLE DE LYON: An exquisite piece of brushwork by the Franco-Dutch sixteenth century painter—a canvas lent by Mr. John Morrison

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN, BY SEBASTIEN BOURDON: The identity of this sixteenth century portrait is dubious, some holding the sitter is Molière. It is lent by the Musée Fabre, Montpellier

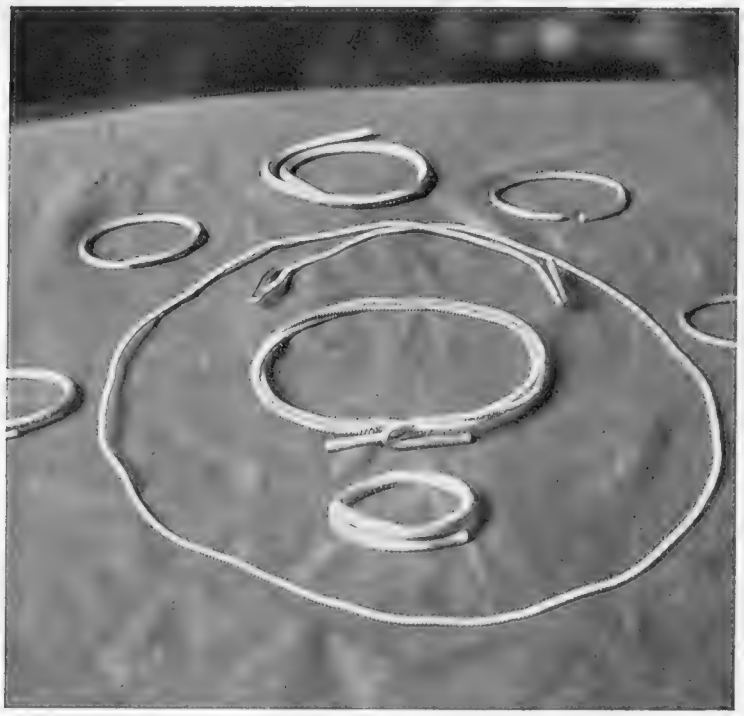
PORTRAIT OF A MAN, BY JEAN-BAPTISTE PERRONEAU: This canvas, which has in it all the essential character of the mid-eighteenth century, is lent by the National Gallery of Ireland

UN ABBÉ, BY JEAN-MARC NATTIER: There is some doubt as to the authenticity of this portrait, lent by Lady Cunard, for it is believed by many to be the work of Aved

PORTRAIT OF A MAN, BY JEAN-BAPTISTE PERRONEAU: A figure of the eighteenth century, believed to be Jacques Cazotte, the distinguished man of letters. The canvas is lent by Mrs. Meyer Sassoon

FROM the PROVINCES

The Silver Thaw and Other News Items



TREASURE TROVE IN CORNWALL: A gold waistband and several bracelets have been found at Amalveor Farm, Towednack, near Penzance. They are believed to be of Irish workmanship and to date back some 1,500 years

1,000 YEARS OF HISTORY ERASED: Rye Harbour, once our most historic naval base, has been handed over to a drainage authority after the voluntary disbanding of the Harbour Board owing to the vanishing of all dues

VICTIMS OF THE SILVER THAW: 1932 made its début with a thaw that rendered the roads either impassable or perilous in the extreme—as this picture from Lavant, near Chichester, shows

MUD HOLDS NO TERRORS for the hardy sportswomen of Britain, as is evidenced by this picture of the Mitcham Ladies' A.C. and the Spartan Ladies' A.C. in the cross-country contest at Morden. The popularity of such vigorous sports among women is on the increase

SNOW AT WHIPSNADE: A scene on Bison Hill, whence a magnificent view of the surrounding country, for a few short hours last week blanketed in snow, was obtained. Some of the animals welcomed the white fall, but others expressed disapproval

A WINTRY SCENE: The Tudor style house and mill at Barnet Gate, Herts, formed a highly artistic subject when London enjoyed its first snowfall of the season. The fall did not remain for long, for New Year's Day ushered in a silver thaw—with disastrous results to traffic

SLIPPING INTO THE NEW YEAR: Rain that froze as it fell created scenes of havoc all over Britain on New Year's Day. A collision between a private car and a lorry laden with tomatoes precipitated this scene at Camberley, Surrey

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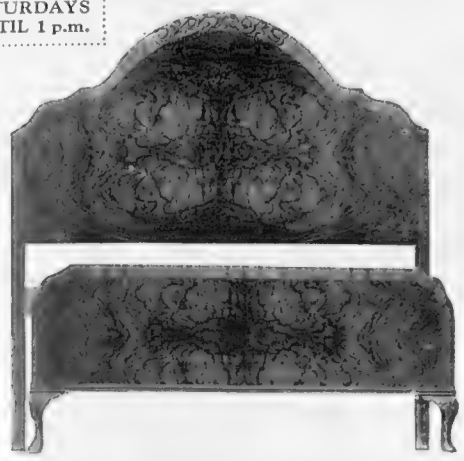

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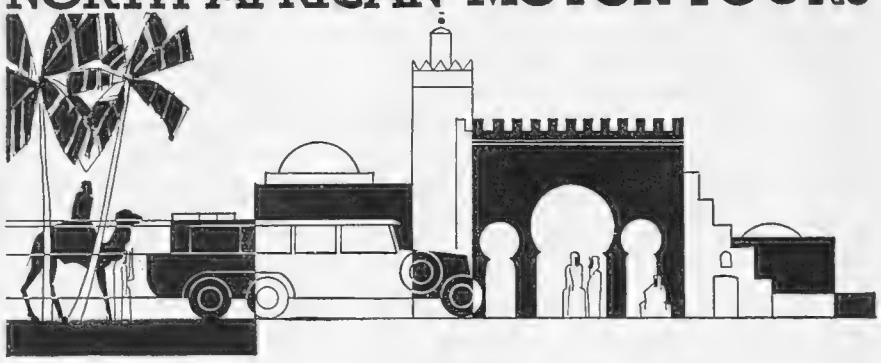

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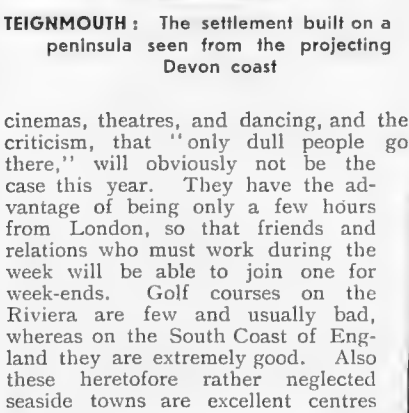
HASTINGS: The old castle that dominates the town, immortal through the Conquest

cried at not being able to go to the Riviera. But when you come seriously to consider the question of the English South Coast resorts, you find that they have a great many attractions to offer, and those of a very special kind. Nature has built our Channel resorts in such a way that they catch every atom of sunshine on a bright winter day, the cliffs protecting the promenades from any cold winds from the north. The Riviera likes to pretend that the sun always shines, and that such things as bitter winds, rain and snow do not exist, but this, as most people who have been there know, is not the case. England does know how to cater for bad weather and provides the cosy warmth of bright open fires, which is one of the joys of life.

The South Coast resorts of England have a wonderfully high sunshine record, and from Hastings to Torquay are well equipped to meet the requirements of the winter visitor. The larger ones provide, in common with the Riviera, good concerts,

ST. LEONARDS: An aerial view of the well laid-out town and its wooded environs

BOURNEMOUTH: A new municipal café on Branksome Dene Chine, on the outskirts of the famous South Coast resort



TEIGNMOUTH: The settlement built on a peninsula seen from the projecting Devon coast

cinemas, theatres, and dancing, and the criticism, that "only dull people go there," will obviously not be the case this year. They have the advantage of being only a few hours from London, so that friends and relations who must work during the week will be able to join one for week-ends. Golf courses on the Riviera are few and usually bad, whereas on the South Coast of England they are extremely good. Also these heretofore rather neglected seaside towns are excellent centres for hunting.

Now let us look at them. Hastings, Bexhill, Eastbourne, Brighton, Worthing, Bournemouth, Torquay are all large seaside towns which provide first-class hotels, fine concert halls, hard tennis courts, golf courses, and all possible indoor and outdoor amusements. For those interested in antiquity Hastings has an especial charm in the very fine old town which adjoins the present seaside resort. Eastbourne, at one end of the South Downs, has many fine excursions to offer on foot, horseback, or by car, while at Bournemouth all the amusements of the sophisticated are to be found in addition to a background of beautiful country. Torquay, "la coquette ville de Torquay," as Max O'Rell calls it, possesses probably the most equable climate in England; its temperature seldom reaches freezing point in winter, and tropical plants have a habit of growing in the open.

Rather smaller places are Bognor Regis, Weymouth, Lyme Regis, Sidmouth, and Exmouth. Of the former, the fact that the King chose Bognor Regis as the place for his convalescence after his illness is enough to show that its climate must be among the best on the South Coast. Weymouth has one of the finest Georgian sea fronts in England, an additional advantage being that it is situated in the beautiful, unspoilt county of Dorset, leading to the heart of the Hardy country.

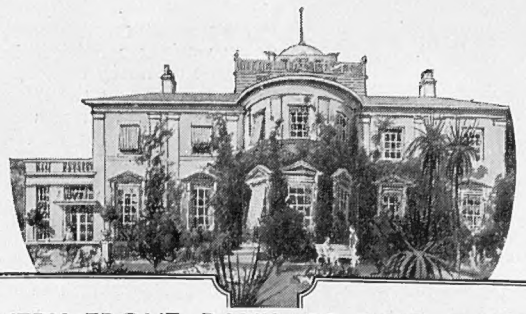
Lyme Regis, on the western border of Dorset, is a quaint little old town standing on the shore of a delightful bay at the foot of hilly country. For those who want a quiet holiday this seems an ideal spot.

Equally well sheltered, though more important this year especially, as a fashionable winter resort, is Sidmouth, protected on all sides except the south by well-wooded hills. The red sandstone cliffs are extraordinarily beautiful and there are many lovely walks over the hills. At one end of the esplanade the little old fishing harbour with its surrounding cottages adds a very particular charm to the place.

Budleigh Salterton, a little farther west, is justly famed for its golf course, which is one of the finest seaside courses in the South of England. Its neighbour, Exmouth, has an esplanade singularly free from houses and nearly two miles in

TORQUAY: A view from sea of the town which has won for itself the title of "Queen of England's Riviera"

length, and in common with all its sister resorts it possesses the attractions of hunting, fishing, golfing, and tennis.



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WHEN IS A WINTER RESORT..?

Torquay has never been noted for its ski-ing, nor even for its skating; and it is only the oldest inhabitants who have ever done any snowballing.

There are, however, other 'winter sports' (which, incidentally, cost the visitor to Britain's Most Beautiful Guest House precisely nothing) such as Golf, Tennis, Croquet, Bowls, Squash, Badminton, Swimming, Gymnasium, Dancing, Cinema and Entertainments—all in the hotel and grounds.

Any slight discrepancy in the rather abnormal amount of sunshine Torquay invariably enjoys will be corrected by the new Palace Sun Lounge.

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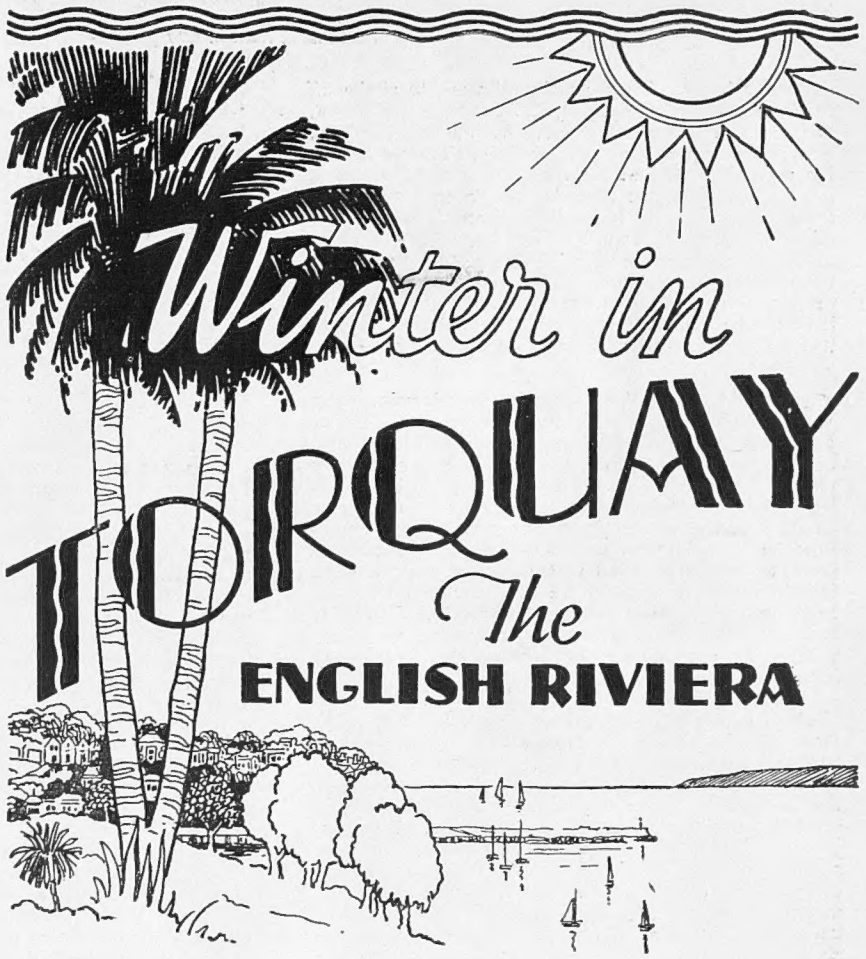

SURPASSING natural beauty coupled with a mild and kindly climate makes Torquay the ideal winter resort.

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BUY BRITISH HOLIDAYS

IN SPAIN TO-DAY

(Continued from p. 47)

current scheme. They nearly all want to shake off Madrid. Not only puissant, indispensable Catalonia, but Galicia, Basque-Navarre, Andalucia, Valencia, even little Majorca, are pressing with their demands for regional "dominion status," so much so that a growing opinion put Spain's one hope as ultimate federalism, only to be gained through blood. It might include Portugal. The tragically-involved nature of regionalism may be illustrated by potential happenings in Navarre. Pampluna, traditionalist, desires to wrench from impious Madrid. If it did, it would be assailed fratricidally by revolutionaries of its own soil and employed in industry hard by.

One could proceed for a long time in this vein. The plans for splitting up the immense latifundia of Andalucia and Estremadure (between Madrid and Seville you travel through one grandee's estate for three solid hours, in the train), the "liquidation of the big estates" in favour of the peasantry forming nearly one-half of the whole population and admittedly long-suffering, is shot with possibilities of Bolshevism and presents difficulties round which no way has yet been found, the while agriculture has for months been bankrupt and no more rents are being paid. Or, again, take the attempt to get rid of functionaries. These number a round million, or one for every twenty-two inhabitants.

Most of the jobs are sinecures, with one p.m. closing enabling the parasites to do other work (160 are in Parliament), and that the slackness, though underpaid (200-400 pesetas a month), suits the Spanish temperament is evidenced by the advent of *more* candidates, through clerical schools, since the coming of the Republic. The proposal is to retire functionaries on pensions, in mass, as has been partially done with the army to the augmenting discomfiture of Señor Prieto. Inheritance of the monarchy; yet the money here saved, only looks like being lavished in some other direction—as with the civil list of £125,000 for President Zamora. Why the chief magistrate should need so much these times, living, as he does, in a small converted palace flat of the late King's, is hard to understand, unless all expenses are to be met, such as the projected trip to South America. This semi-continent, having pronounced the United States in disfavour because of (a) Ford, (b) Prohibition, (c) Y.M.C.A., (d) Nicaragua, (e) Immigration laws, (f) Gangsters, (g) Jazz, a luminous hope of the new Spain is a League of Spanish culture, tradition, and language, spanning the South Atlantic.

How are Spaniards taking it all? They have been spectators of the politicians so long, viewing them detachedly, that it has taken the electors some time to realize they now must assume a more active rôle. The national motto, "Mañana," can no longer run in relation to the affairs of Spain which finds herself in full fluidity. Whether the present ministers are incompetents, proceeding vaguely, confusedly (as some suspect), whether they are going to perpetuate the "in-and-out club" (leaving power and coming back to it, favourite Spanish political pastime), whether the new and audacious national structure is destined to collapse for *falta de hombres*, lack of men, besetting handicap of the Peninsula, whether the Premier will go along with Señor Caballero into a morass of spending, an orgy of concessions to the workers, are all matters to which the average Spaniard must give his attention.

As for the average woman, Dona Victoria Kent was all against giving them the vote until five years had elapsed and the planned 90,000,000 pesetas expenditure on education should have begun to bear fruit. In other words, Spanish women are currently believed to be reactionaries, no friends of the new orders—not yet. Here, and with the dispossessed military and functionary and hard hit middle classes, together with the traditionalists and the devout, and the "kingless monarchists" which most of the aristocracy have become, without leaving the country, is to be found the nucleus of an ever-growing reaction from which one day we shall hear.

In the middle is the present Socialist Administration, of midnight Cabinet meetings, and pursuing a line-of least-resistance policy of give, give, to the threatening workers who only have to strike, as they are doing all the time, to have their latest point conceded. Unceasing strikes and unpunished disorder smudge the Republic's record thus far. Women workers strike with the men and only to-day have downed tools rather than pay a fraction towards maternity benefit. They want it all from employers or from the State; they don't mind which.

Promising the workers control of industry and even of banks may be heavy with consequences, for it is idle to blink the fact that the Anarcho-Syndicalists are progressively roping in workers and peasants to a concept closely allied to Bolshevism. Adjacent foreign countries will tread heavily on anything like Bolshevism, but there it is. The unions have no use at all for the "bourgeois Republic whose rehash of democracy throws us back a hundred years." The proletariat has no leader in sight yet—Franco, with whom I have drunk, is just a high-spirited, courageous adventurer of negligible intellect—but I should like to close with mention of one who may, for aught we know, be a leader.

To prophesy with changeable people like Spaniards is a thankless task; I am not going to do so. This is merely an impression. They say in Spain that if they had ten or even five years grace all would prosper and be well. The spirit of toleration and mutual concessions, wholly lacking now, would rule the day. That may be.

But who has years of grace these times? This Revolution looks as if it had been muddled. The men moulding Spain have not changed to anything like the extent that they have changed the laws. The present political order is far too much like pre-1923 to prevail, and it is my impression that a blending of regional throwing over of Madrid, and impossible demands by the workers, will sooner or later conduct to a dictatorship or to anarchy and disintegration in the Peninsula. General Sanjurgo and his Civil Guards are already being spoken of as the strong hand; needed nowhere more than in Republican Spain, which from the personal rule of a man in thrall to Bourbonism has swung across to an outmoded parliamentarism, giving free rein to everyone's desiderata, and particularly the trade unions.

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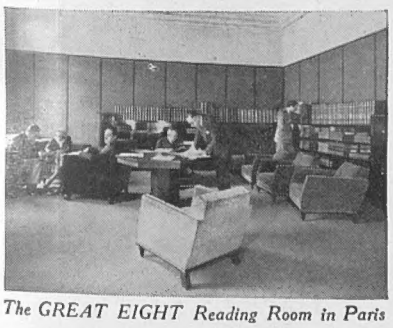

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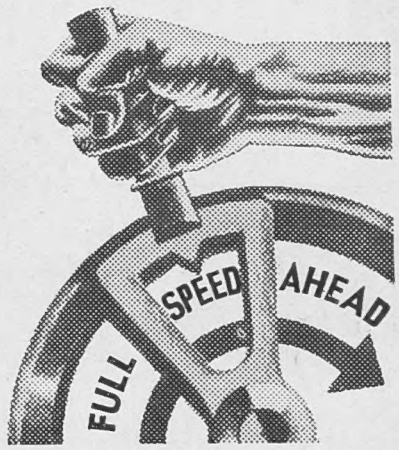

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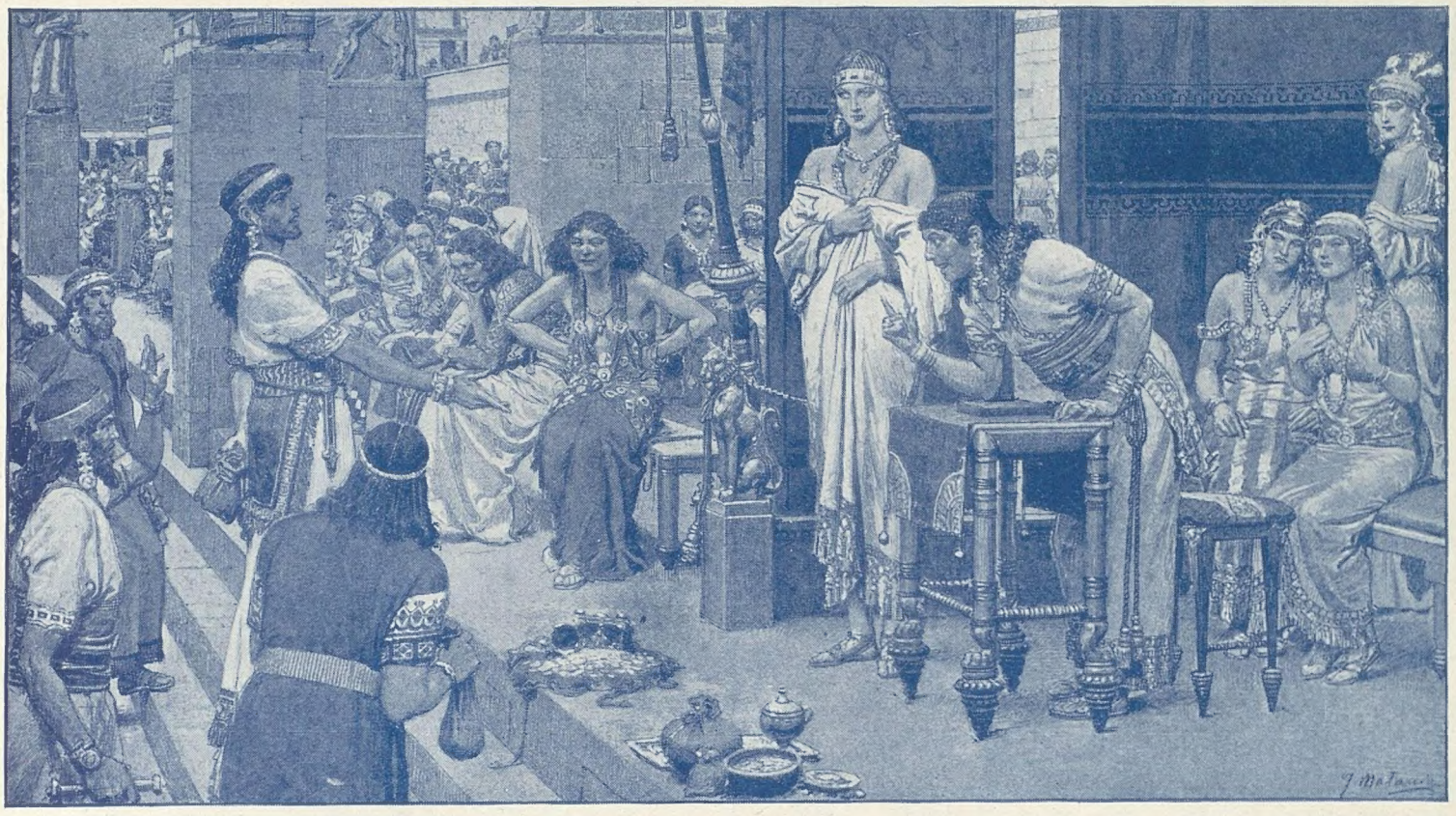

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The husband wheeled home the wife of his purchase in a cart. The uglier the bride the bigger the dowry.

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